41

J. W. Wx

POEMS,

Religious, Historical, and Political.

BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

VOL. I.

Liverpool:
F. D. RICHARDS, 36 ISLINGTON.

London:
LATTER-DAY SAINTS' BOOK DEPÔT, 35 JEWIN STREET, CITY.
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1856.

GEORGE E. MAYCOCK

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Printed by R. James, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

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Dedication.

To all the Saints of God, no matter where
Your countries lie, or what your nations are;
To all who love the Truth, and seek it too;
To all the friends of Zion—unto you
I dedicate this Volume. May it go
To all who will receive it, high and low;
And to the *head* instructive hints impart,
Or what will comfort, cheer, or soothe the *heart:*
To prompt the Saints to be more faithful still,
And more submissive to the Father's will;
More subject to the *order* God has given
On earth, the *pattern of the things in heaven.*

May Zion's strangers on its pages find
A word, a sentence that will strike the mind
Perhaps the thing call'd "Mormonism" is true—
Investigate, believe, receive it too,
And share in Zion all the blessings given
Through an obedience to the law of heaven.

There is a state of being, yet to be,
Wrapt in the mantle of futurity,
When Adam's sons, the sons of God, will dwell
In triumph over all the powers of hell:
When earth, restor'd, will yield a rich increase—
Zion establish'd, crown'd with joy and peace:
When man's enjoyment will be unalloy'd—
His senses all *perfected*, not *destroy'd*;
Progressing on through immortality,
Rise to the Godhead, and eventually,
As *is* the Father, so the sons *will be*.

POEMS.

INVOCATION,

OR THE

ETERNAL FATHER AND MOTHER.

O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and holy place;
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?

In thy glorious habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtur'd near thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose,
Thou hast plac'd me here on earth;
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;

Yet oft-times a secret something
Whisper'd, "You 're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wander'd
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learn'd to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restor'd, I knew not why.

In the heavens are parents single?
No: the thought makes reason stare:
Truth is reason: truth eternal,
Tells me I 've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence—
When I lay this mortal by;
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?

Then at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do;
With your mutual approbation,
Let me come and dwell with you.

EVENING THOUGHTS,

OR

WHAT IT IS TO BE A SAINT.

My heart is fix'd—I know in whom I trust.
'Twas not for wealth—'twas not to gather heaps
Of perishable things—'twas not to twine
Around my brow a transitory wreath,
A garland deck'd with gems of mortal praise,
That I forsook the home of childhood : that
I left the lap of ease—the halo rife
With friendship's richest, soft, and mellow tones ;
Affection's fond caresses, and the cup
O'erflowing with the sweets of social life,
With high refinement's golden pearls enrich'd.

Ah, no ! a holier purpose fir'd my soul ;
A nobler object prompted my pursuit.
Eternal prospects open'd to my view,
And hope celestial in my bosom glow'd.

God, who commanded Abraham to leave
His native country, and to offer up
On the lone altar, where no eye beheld
But that which never sleeps, an only son ;

Is still the same: and thousands who have made
A covenant with Him by sacrifice,
Are bearing witness to the sacred truth—
Jehovah speaking has reveal'd His will.

The proclamation sounded in my ear—
It reach'd my heart—I listen'd to the sound—
Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all
Upon the altar, and with purpose fix'd
Unalterably, while the Spirit of
Elijah's God within my bosom reigns,
Embrac'd the Everlasting Covenant;
And am determin'd now *to be a Saint*,
And number with the tried and faithful ones,
Whose race is measur'd with their life; whose prize
Is everlasting, and whose happiness
Is God's approval; and to whom 'tis more
Than meat and drink to do His righteous will.

It is no trifling thing to be a Saint
In very deed—to stand upright, nor bow,
Nor bend beneath the heavy pressure of
Oppressiveness: to stand unscath'd amid
The bellowing thunders and the raging storm
Of persecution; when the hostile powers
Of darkness stimulate the hearts of men
To warfare—to besiege, assault, and, with
The heavy thunderbolts of Satan, aim
To overthrow the kingdom God has rear'd:
To stand unmov'd upon the withering rack

Of vile apostacy, when men depart
From the pure principles of righteousness ;
Those principles requiring man to live
By every word proceeding from the mouth
Of God : to stand unwavering, undismay'd,
And unseduc'd, when the base hypocrite,
Whose deeds take hold on hell, whose face is garb'd
With saintly looks drawn out by sacrilege,
From the profession ; but assum'd and thrown
Around him for a mantle, to enclose
The black corruption of a putrid heart :
To stand on virtue's lofty pinnacle,
Clad in the robes of heavenly innocence,
Amid that worse than every other blast,
The blast that strikes at moral character,
With floods of falsehood foaming with abuse :
To stand with nerve and sinew firmly steel'd,
When in the trying scale of rapid change,
Thrown face to face and side by side to that
Foul-hearted spirit, blacker than the soul
Of midnight's darkest shade—the traitor, the
Vile wretch that feeds his sordid selfishness
Upon the peace and blood of innocence ;
The faithless, rotten-hearted wretch, whose tongue
Speaks words of trust and fond fidelity,
While treachery, like a viper, coils behind
The smile that dances in his evil eye :
To pass the fiery ordeal, and to have
The heart laid open, all its contents strew'd
Before the bar of strictest scrutiny :

To have the finest heart-strings drawn unto
Their utmost length, to prove their texture : to
Abide, with principle unchang'd, the rack
Of cruel, torturing circumstances, which
Ride forth on revolution's blustering gale.

But yet, although *to be a Saint* requires
A noble sacrifice—an arduous toil—
A persevering aim ; the great reward
Awaiting the grand consummation will
Repay the price, however costly ; and
The pathway of the Saint the safest path
Will prove ; though perilous : for 'tis foretold,
All things that can be shaken, God will shake :
Kingdoms and Governments and Institutes,
Both civil and religious, must be tried—
Tried to the core, and sounded to the depth.

Then let me be a Saint, and be prepar'd
For the approaching day, which like a snare
Will soon surprise the hypocrite—expose
The rottenness of human schemes—shake off
Oppressive fetters—break the gorgeous reins
Usurpers hold, and lay the pride of man—
The pride of nations, low in dust !

THE GATHERING OF THE SAINTS,

AND

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CITY OF ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN.

Awake! my slumbering Minstrel; thou hast lain
Like one that 's number'd with th' unheeded slain!
Unlock thy music—let thy numbers flow
Like torrents bursting from the melting snow.

What though a stranger in a stranger land?
The Gentile ear thou wilt no more command:
In that fair field of song thy reign is o'er—
Thou 'st fled its scenery to return no more.

Though *here* no letter'd pinions wait to bear
Thy lisping accents through the distant air;
The heavens, indulgent, may perchance to bend,
And kind angelic spirits condescend
To catch thy notes, and bear thy strains away
To regions where celestial minstrels play;
Because the theme which now inspires thy song,
Is one that interests the heavenly throng.

The God who talk'd with Adam face to face
Is speaking now, in these the latter-days,

And all the righteous men that ever stood
Upon the earth, before and since the flood,
Unite their faith to roll the kingdom forth,
Until the "*Little Stone*" shall fill the earth.

Joseph's and Judah's records join'd in one,
A powerful instrument have now become
To gather up the Saints, a noble band
That will possess the consecrated land.
From northern, eastern, and from southern climes
The "Camp of God" comes up from time to time.
Though different customs have their manners
form'd,
Though various feelings have their bosoms
warm'd,
With one accord they hear the joyful sound,
And to Messiah's standard gather round;
Through stranger lands they trace a tedious road,
To places chosen for the Saints' abode;
Beyond the Mississippi's lucid flow,
Where Zion's towers will yet with splendor glow;
For God has set His hand the second time,
To gather His dispers'd from every clime.

In Jackson County, first they purchas'd land,
Where earth's Metropolis in time will stand.
On that choice soil, obtaining *legal right*,
Their hearts exulted with intense delight;
But lo! as yet, the Saints could not be blest
With the possession of eternal rest.

A lawless mob, the nation's deep'ning stain,
Like beasts of prey that ravage o'er the plain,
Pour'd forth its rage, and, in extremity,
From their dear homes the Saints were forc'd to flee!
And thus from time to time were driven forth
To seek for shelter further to the north,
Where they are building cities to the Lord,
That Zion in her strength may be prepar'd,
Ere the destroying angel ushers forth,
And desolation's besom sweeps the earth—
Ere the broad scourge, by heaven's inflicting hand,
Shall scatter terror through Columbia's land!

But few full moons have through their orbits
play'd
Since a foundation in the wild was laid,
That Adam-ondi-Ahman might become
The pride of nations and the pilgrim's home.

In Daviess County, in a winding grove,
Where the Grand-River's waters proudly move—
Where nature's fields spread forth on either side
In the wild majesty of prairie pride:
With files of woodland interspers'd between,
Cloth'd with rich foliage, to adorn the scene—
At the last dawn of the last Summer's sun
The infant City hardly was begun.

How much it seem'd unlike a city *then!*
'Twas scarce saluted by the feet of men!

Almost a pathless wild the City lay—
God had reserv'd it for the latter-day.
But who, on earth, would volunteer and come
To an uncultur'd region for a home?

The first to break the soil is Lyman Wight,
In this last kingdom an intrepid knight—
A dauntless soul—he fear'd not death nor hell;
Then should he fear in the lone wild to dwell?

He comes and locates—mark his destiny—
God had prepar'd for him a company:
For see, ah, see! in yonder eastern land—
In Kirtland City, a promiscuous band,
Where wheat and tares to such a height had grown
That Saints could scarce from hypocrites be known!
Many had trifl'd with the things of God,
And all must suffer the chastising rod
'Neath persecution's deep, unhallow'd rage,
The portion of the Saints in ev'ry age;
While doom'd to feel oppression's heavy rod
From vile apostates, the worst "*scourge of God!*"
While all the powers of earth and hell agree
To load the righteous with calamity.
Some faithful souls were bound in this pell-mell,
But how to separate they could not tell.
Yet God, whose arm becomes His people's strength,
Protects His Saints, and crowns His work at length:
Unto the humble souls who watch and pray,
He brings deliverance in His chosen way;

And through His Prophet speaks to them, "*Anon*
Up, get you hence—flee out from Babylon."

In prompt obedience to the wise command,
Many arise and leave their native land—
The pleasant homes which habit renders near,
With friends and kindred nature holds so dear:
For all who win the high, celestial prize,
Must seal their covenants by sacrifice.
Relying on the Lord's protecting care,
They go, as Abra'm did, "not knowing where;"
Glad to arrive, through much fatigue and toil,
On Adam-ondi-Ahman's fertile soil.
And soon anon, with patient toil and care,
The shingl'd roofs are cluster'd here and there.
In humble style the City was begun—
With rapid progress 'twas continued on.
But Oh! behold! a scenery strange and new—
A picture mortal pencil never drew!

'Twas Autumn: Summer's melting breath was gone,
And Winter's gelid blast was stealing on:
To meet its dread approach, with anxious care
The houseless Saints were struggling to prepare;
When round about a desp'rate mob arose,
Like tigers waking from a night's repose—
They come like hordes from nether shades let loose—
Men without hearts—just made for Satan's use!
With wild, demoniac rage they sally forth,
Resolv'd to drive the Saints of God from earth.

Instead of building, or preparing food,
This peace-destroying mob must be withstood!
To guard their rights, their children, and their
wives,
The men equip, regardless of their lives,
With no alternative, but—fight or die,
The hosts of Israel now refuse to fly.

The Far-West brethren leave their interests there,
In Adam-ondi's sufferings to share.

Hemm'd in by foes—depriv'd the use of mill,
Necessity inspir'd their patient skill.
Tin pails and stove-pipes, from their service torn,
Are chang'd to graters to prepare the corn,
That nature's wants may barely be supplied—
They ask no treat, no luxury beside:
Determin'd to maintain the sacred post,
In spite of earth, in spite of Satan's host!
Conscious their actions were approv'd on high,
They dar'd the battle-field, nor fear'd to die.
They had no armor such as Hector wore,
Nor yet the arms that proud Achilles bore;
But, with the God of battles for their shield,
They were content the sword and gun to wield.

But see, the threat'ning foe in terror hide,
Dark guilt and cowardice go side by side;
Without assault or battle, see them fly—
And thus the fearful bloodless war goes by.

The troubles hush'd, business again revives;
With mutual joy the "*Kirtland Camp*" arrives—
A houseless host—expos'd to wet and dry!
They hail the City 'neath the western sky.
No lofty spires they find, no princely dome,
No costly palace to adorn their home;
But from the tented shade their songs resound,
That they a peaceful residence have found;
That thus, their feet are privileg'd to rest
Where reverend Adam once his children blest.

"*Union is strength*," and effort, join'd with skill,
In six Autumnal days produc'd a mill!
'Twas a rich blessing, with its service blest,
Some scores of graters were consign'd to rest.

But whence their shelters? Winter hastens fast:
Can tents and wagons stem this northern blast?
Through long exposure and the nightly breeze
Many, e'en now, are suffering from disease.

But ah! how soon the reign of peace is o'er,
The Saints must wage relentless war once more!
The reckless mob again in haste return,
And patient suffering must be longer borne.

Where are thy far-fam'd laws, Columbia? Where
Thy boasted freedom—thy protecting care?

Is *this* a land of Rights? Stern facts shall say
If legal justice here maintains its sway.
The official powers of State are *sheer pretence*,
When they 're exerted in the Saints' defence.

Well may the nations of the earth give ear,
For lo! the kingdom of our God is near.
Let proud usurpers lay their ensigns down,
And haughty tyrants lightly hold the crown!
All rival monarchies must soon give way,
And Heaven's Eternal Kingdom bear the sway.

Roll on thy glorious work, Eternal God,
Till Zion's terror shall be known abroad;
When *one* shall chase a thousand, through thy might,
And *two* shall put ten thousand foes to flight;
And thy swift heralds go at thy command
To every isle—to every distant land:
When one day's time shall give a nation birth,
And Zion's glory spread o'er all the earth:
When Judah's mountains shall become a plain,
And the two continents unite again:
Then shall the long-lost Tribes of Israel come
To "dwell in Zion, at Jerusalem."

Daviess Co., Mo., Oct. 24, 1838.

TWO CHAPTERS

OF THE

LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

INTRODUCTORY INVOCATION.

Thou Great Eternal of Eternity,
Thou God of Abraham, I look to thee:
Thou Omnipresent One, incline thine ear,
And me, a child of dust, vouchsafe to hear.

The Seer and Prophet of the latter days
Is now my theme—his history help me trace;
For thy approval, Lord, shall prompt my pen,
Regardless of the praise or blame of men.

Wisdom and knowledge, light and truth are thine;
Let thy intelligence upon me shine:
Give power of thought this matter to indite;
Instruct me *what*, instruct me *how* to write.

With truth's bold eloquence my mind inspire,
And warm my minstrel with celestial fire:
Thy approbation is the boon I claim;
With *that*, it matters not who praise or blame.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Description of the religious world — The order of God, in communicating to the human family, the same in all ages — The work of the Lord in the last days — The instrument of His choice — His parentage, &c.

The Nineteenth Century was spreading out
Its ample fold—Improvement's rapid march
Was heralded—Intelligence was borne
On downy pinions o'er the face of earth:
And yet, in spite of all the noisy boast,
It was an age of darkness. Shadows dark
Envelop'd deeply the broad scenery
Of the religious world. The praise of Truth
Was loudly trumpeted by multitudes;
And multitudes, before its empty *name*—
Some for the sake of honor, some for ease,
And some by motives pure as heaven inspir'd,
But more, far more, for "filthy lucre's" sake—
Were daily bowing down and worshipping.

The people had heap'd up unto themselves
Teachers with "itching ears." All Christendom
Was groaning underneath the ponderous weight
Of priests without a Priesthood. Every form
And shadow of authority which they
Held in possession, had been smugg'ld from
The great apostate Mother Church of Rome!

The heavens above were seal'd—The glorious
lamp
Of Inspiration had withdrawn its rays
Of pure supernal light—Jehovah's voice
For centuries by man had not been heard.
The light that God ordain'd to emanate
From the long-treasur'd page of "Holy Writ,"
By human sacrilege and foul abuse,
By adding shade to shade of mysticism,
Had been adulterated and obscur'd.

Faith had become exterminated: Faith,
The principle of power pertaining to
The Holy Priesthood, which the Lord conferr'd
On man in former times—the power by which
He rent the vail and gaz'd on heavenly things,
Or drew the curtain of futurity
Aside, and converse held with distant scenes,
Closely envelop'd in the years to come.

Some truly thirsted for the precious gifts—
The light, the glory and intelligence
Of ancient times; while others vainly thought
The history contain'd the essence of
The things declar'd—that the rehearsal of
Those blessings had transferr'd the blessings
down:
As though a hungry man could satisfy
His appetite upon the bare *belief*
That other starving people had been fed.

The Priesthood gone—the Church was but a wreck ;
And like a ship without a rudder, toss'd
Upon the boist'rous waves of changeful Time,
Until the "Ancient Order" was extinct.
The Urim and the Thummim hid away—
The human mind was left to wander through
The mazy fields of erring reason, and
To float at large upon aerial forms ;
Borne onward by contingence' fickle breeze.
Hence mental aberrations oftentimes
Assum'd a threat'ning aspect, and appear'd
Impervious as the darksome catacombs
Of ancient structure ; sometimes swelling to
Gigantic size ; on which was sacrific'd
A sum of happiness of more amount
Than could be purchas'd with the price of all
The hecatombs that have been offer'd yet
In sacrifice to heathen deities.

The God of Abra'm has a purpose, which
From all eternity He has decreed
To execute upon the earth. The Lord
Makes use of human instruments for the
Accomplishment of His designs on earth—
In every age in which He has perform'd
His mighty works, He rais'd up chosen men,
Commission'd by Himself—invested with
His own authority ; through whom He spoke
To earth's inhabitants ; and by whose means
He mov'd—He roll'd His mighty purpose forth.

Noah was call'd in his degen'rate age,
To teach the principles of righteousness
To a corrupt, stiff-necked race of men—
To seal the testimony and bind up
The law.
When God would call His people out
From under Egypt's yoke, He gave command
To Moses, whom He had rais'd up, to lead
To Canaan's land, the tribes of Israel.

The ancient Prophets all have testified
That in the latter days the Lord would do
A work, in magnitude and interest
Surpassing every work perform'd below,
Since Earth was moulded in its spheric form.

At length the time, the chosen time arriv'd
For the commencement of the glorious work—
"The restitution of all things;" which will
Restore the earth to its primeval state,
And usher in the long-expected reign
Of Jesus Christ.
But where 's a righteous man,
Like unto Enoch, Noah, Abraham,
And Moses, who can stand in battle's front,
Amid the persecuting rage of men,
And guide the helm of turn and overturn,
Amid the wreck of every human scheme,
While God shall revolutionize the world?
Jehovah knew: His eye was fix'd on *one*

Whom He had chosen from eternity ;
And in His choice He counsell'd not with man !
And he, of all mankind, whom God ordain'd,
Is now the subject of the writer's pen.

Was he an earthly prince—of royal blood ?
Had he been bred in courts, or dandled on
The lap of wealth and luxury ? Or was
His name emblazon'd on the spire of Fame ?
No, no : he was not of a kingly race,
Nor could he be denominated great,
If balanc'd in the scale of worldly rank.

Though not like Jesus in a manger born,
He was of humble birth : his parents were
Honest, upright, industrious, and poor,
And grac'd the narrow sphere allotted them.
His father was an husbandman ; and he
Was call'd, like old Elisha, from the plough,
To be a Prophet of the living God.

CHAPTER SECOND.

The nativity of Joseph Smith—Religious revival—His impressions—Vision —Announcement—Effects on his former friends—Reflections.

Vermont, a land much fam'd for hills and snows
And blooming cheeks, may boast the honor of
The Prophet's birth-place.
Ere ten Summer's suns
Had bound their wreath upon his youthful brow,
His father with his family remov'd;
And in New York, Ontario County, since
Call'd Wayne, selected them a residence;
First in Palmyra, then in Manchester.

Religion was the fashion of the day—
Religious vot'ries and religious sects,
From time to time, like bees in Summer, swarm'd.
In Manchester a great excitement rose,
And multitudes of converts join'd themselves
Unto the sects; and Joseph's tender mind
Was deeply and most solemnly impress'd
With the importance of eternal things.
But then, amid the strange confusedness
Of cleric strifes and proselyting schemes,
His mind was left to wander in the dark
Impenetrable maze of doubt and deep

Anxiety; to ascertain the *one*,
Of all the various sects, that God approv'd.

The recklessness of childhood was but just
Diverging into youth—his tender years
Were yet unripen'd with the radiance of
His fifteenth Summer's sun.
"*Which way is right?*"
Was the inquiry of his anxious mind;
When loud, as though an angel's whisper came
Upon the breeze, a clear suggestion spoke
With more than mortal meaning, to his heart—
"*If any man lack wisdom, let him ask*
Of God, who giveth lib'rally to all,
Upbraiding not."
All human aid was vain—
No earthly counsel could avail him aught;
And in his heart he purpos'd to obtain
The wisdom from above.

One beauteous morn,
When not a cloud was seen to hover o'er
The broad horizon—when the vernal sun
Pour'd his reviving rays on Nature's crest,
Already deck'd with sweetly scented flowers—
He sought retirement in the woodland shade;
In secret there to lift his heart and voice
To God, in prayer. In all his life before,
He had not shap'd his thoughts and his desires
For vocal supplication. In the depth

Of nature's wild retreat—where secrecies
Of thought pour'd forth, could only reach the ear
Of Him to whom the secrets of all hearts
Are known—he spread the burthen of his soul
Before the Lord. He scarce had bow'd himself
In humble posture, when, with iron grasp,
A power invisible laid hold on him.
His prayer was interrupted, for his tongue
Was suddenly in speechless silence chain'd.
Thick atmospheric darkness gather'd round—
Destruction seem'd inevitable, and
Into the deep recesses of his heart
Despair was fastening its poison'd barb.
Then, with a mighty effort of his mind,
He rais'd his struggling heart to God, and sought
Deliverance from above; when suddenly
A pillar, brighter than the noon-day sun,
Precisely o'er his head, descending, fell
Around him; and he felt himself unbound
And liberated from the terrors of
The strong, unearthly grasp with which he was
Most fearfully enchain'd.
No sooner had
The glory from on high around him shone,
And the demoniac grasp dissever'd, than
He saw two glorious personages stand
Above him in the air; surrounded with
The light that had envelop'd him. With joy,
Wrapt in astonishment, he heard himself
Address'd. Address'd by whom? Address'd by what?

Was that indeed a voice he heard, or was
Imagination, with its frenzied harp,
Playing upon the organs of his mind?
Was that the speech of fancy which he heard?
And was it the soft echo of the strains
Of phantom-music on his ear? And were
The glorious figures which he saw, the forms
Of airiness and wild delusive thought?
O no: the heavens had verily upfurl'd
The sable curtain which defines the bounds
'Twixt earth and immortality; and he
Was gazing on celestials, and he heard
The voice of the Eternal.
One of the
Bright personages whom he saw, referr'd
Him to the other, and address'd him thus,
"*Joseph, this is my well beloved Son,*
Hear him."
To know his duty, was indeed
The burthen of his mind—the theme of all
His soul's solicitude. Accordingly,
No sooner had he got possession of
Himself, with power to speak, than he inquir'd,
"Which of the sects is right?" for yet the thought
That *all were wrong*, had not occurr'd to him.
And what was his astonishment, to hear
The being who address'd him, say, "*None of*
The various sects are right: and all their Creeds
Are an abomination in my sight."
He said that the professing world was all

Corrupt. "*They with their lips draw near to me,*
And while their hearts are far away, they teach
For doctrines the commandments of mankind.
They have the form of godliness, but they
Deny the power thereof."
A second time
He said to Joseph that he should not join
Himself to any sect. Much else was said;
And then the heavens were curtain'd from his view.

With all the frankness, and simplicity,
And unsuspecting nature of his young
And inexperienc'd heart; like Paul of old,
He soberly declar'd the novel fact—
Novel to modern ears—that he had seen
A heavenly vision; and the consequence
Fell heavy on him!
Did those Christian friends,
Whose pious zeal had prompted them before,
To proffer him a fostering guardianship,
Approach him then, with hearts—with bosoms, warm
With charity and tenderness? Did those
Professing to believe the record of
The visions, prophecies, and gifts of Saints
In ancient times; rejoice with him to hear
That God was still the same to answer prayer—
To open heaven, and show the secrets of
Eternity? Ah! no. The very fact
That he had seen a vision, broke the bond
Of friendship; and an awful avalanche

Of persecution fell upon him, hurl'd
By the rude blast of cleric influence!
Contempt, reproach, and ridicule were pour'd,
Like thunderbolts, in black profusion, o'er
His youthful head; as if to blast the bud
Of character—to wither reputation, ere
It could be strengthen'd by maturing years.
And all for what? Ah! wherefore all this aim
Of high and low, to strike a blow at one
So young, so innocent, and so obscure?
Because that he, in faith and confidence,
Pray'd unto God, and God had heard his prayer;
And, faithful to His promise as in times
Of old, had pour'd the blessings out to him
According to his faith. Such was his *crime*—
Such was the character of that misdeed
Which the religious world reported such.
But what avail'd the malice of the world
With him? He 'd seen a heavenly vision, and
Had heard the voice of Him who does not lie;
And all the powers of darkness, speaking through
The human tongue, could never teach him to
Unknow what he authentically *knew*.
His eyes had seen—his ears had heard—he 'd felt
The power of the Eternal Deity.

How sweet the joys of conscious innocence:
How peaceful is the calm within the breast,
When conscience speaks in approbative tones
Softer than notes that swell the harpsichord,

And testifies within, that *all is well.*
With what a noble, heavenly feeling does
The bosom swell; and how composedly
The spirit rests and feels secure from all
"The strife of tongues;" reposing on the firm,
Immovable, unchangeable defence—
The bulwark of *the favor of the Lord.*

—o—

PREJUDICE—WHAT IS IT?

'Tis not an orb, dispensing light,
Like that which shines in yonder heaven:
'Tis not a star that glitters bright,
Like those that deck the crest of even'.

'Tis not a fountain, full and free,
Whence moral beauties sweetly flow:
'Tis not a harp whose minstrelsy
Can intellectual charms bestow.

'Tis not a pinion, form'd to bear
The mind where Reason's hosts resort:
'Tis not a chart, directing where
Investigation holds his court.

'Tis not a knight, inspir'd to win
The highest mental prize, forsooth:
'Tis not a monitor within,
Which prompts a search for every truth.

It is a clog, prepar'd to hold
The noble powers of reason down—
A curtain, whose thick, sable fold,
The strongest vision seems to bound.

It is a charm, infusing deep
A deadly soporific spell;
Which lulls the faculties to sleep,
And softly whispers, "All is well."

It is a bolt, whose massy weight
The strength and skill of truth defies—
A prison wall, before whose gate
Bold common sense affrighted flies.

It is a fetter, made to bind
Inquiry's impulse from the soul;
While ignorance sways the human mind
And every power of thought controls.

THE TRANSFORMATION,

OR

THE TOOL AND THE GEM.

I saw a thing of rudest form,
  From mountain's base brought forth—
A useless gem—devoid of charm,
  And wrapp'd in cumbrous earth.

Its rough exterior met the eye,
  With a repulsive show;
For every charm was forc'd to lie
  In buried depths below.

The Sculptor came. I wonder'd when
  His pliant tool was brought:
He pass'd it o'er the gem, and then
  I mark'd the change it wrought.

Each cumbrance from its surface clear'd—
  The gem expos'd to view—
Its nature and its worth appear'd,
  Its form expansive grew.

By gentle strokes it was set free—
By softer touch refin'd;
Till beauty, grace, and majesty
Were with its nature join'd.

Its lustre kindled to a blaze—
'Twas Wisdom's lamp begun;
And soon the splendor of its rays
Eclips'd the noon-day sun.

That gem was chain'd in crudeness, till
The Sculptor lent his aid:
I wonder'd at the ready skill
His potent hand display'd.

It was the virtue of his tool,
Of fine, transforming edge;
Which serv'd for pencil, mould, and rule,
For polisher and sledge.

That *tool* requires a skilful hand—
That *gem* no chain should bind:
That tool is *Education*, and
That gem, the *Human Mind*.

GENIUS EMANCIPATED,

OR

THE EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE HUMAN MIND.

The scene was rude, and in its scenic pride
Wild, mossy thickets cluster'd side by side:
Spontaneous rubbish cloth'd the rugged soil—
The lean-brake doated on the thistle's smile—
Nature's green umbrage closely interwove,
And form'd the darksome, orbless arch above.

There, on the rocky base, by Ignorance chain'd,
Untam'd, uncultur'd, savage Genius reign'd.
Thick clouds of vapor gather'd round her head—
Her winding paths, through miry mazes led—
Her ling'ring step, and vague, ambiguous air,
Express'd distraction rather than despair.
Her harsh speech grated through the craggy oaks,
Or fell unheeded on embedded rocks—
Her harp was silent, and it matter'd not,
For no kind gale could reach th' ill-fated spot;
And when full aiming at the vocal song,
She seem'd the mimic of a palsied tongue.

At length, amid the strange, mysterious gloom,
Freedom's bold spirit shook the bolted tomb;
And Education, usher'd into birth,
Rose, Phœnix-like, to renovate the earth.

The scene is chang'd—the scenery now appears
Like Hope's fine portrait of prospective years:
A powerful skill has swept th' encumber'd soil,
And made it teem with honey, wine, and oil:
Fair lilies flourish and gay tulips bud,
Fresh roses bloom where prickly brambles stood,
Tall trees are bending with perennial fruit,
And golden diamonds sparkle at the root;
Unbounded prospects in succession rise
On either side, and tower amid the skies.

See Genius now in splendid robes array'd;
Expanding blossoms deck her laurel'd head;
Fair gems of science brighten on her brow;
She speaks—kings nod, and thrones and empires bow:
She takes the harp, and letter'd pinions bear
Ecstatic music through the ambient air.

Lo, she ascends Olympus' blazing height,
Where fabled deities carouse in light:
Aspiring still, she aims at crowns on high,
And seeks a passport to the upper sky—
Obtains the grant, by Inspiration given,
And with its chart and compass, sails to heaven—
And through the Priesthood, in the bright abode,
Is crown'd immortal at the throne of God.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST COLONY IN CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

The historical accounts of the early settlements in America, seem little else than catalogues of fatigue, deprivation, and distress. The Colony under Governor Winthrop, arrived at Charlestown, Mass., in the summer of 1630. In the following winter they were visited with a "mortal pestilence and wasting famine." They were relieved from the sufferings of the latter by the arrival of a ship laden with provisions, on the 5th of February.

That surely was a trying day—
A time that tells of human grief:
Then the stout heart of courage fell away,
And every eye turn'd upward for relief.
And there was no sound like the voice of glee,
For the maiden's bosom heav'd fearfully;
And the young man wept, and his voice was low,
And there was no sound but the sound of woe:
And a stiff'ning corse the father lay,
And none could repeat his parting word,
For the mother's spirit had swoon'd away,
And the infant was left to weep unheard!
And the plague mov'd on
With a fearful breath,
Till the pious brave in hordes had gone
To people the dark, cold land of death.

They 'd left their homes and brav'd the sea
In search of sacred liberty;
But scarcely o'er the tossing wave
Before they found,
Upon the red man's hunting ground,
In the "New World," a grave.

But to the dying, death was kind,
As dear as life itself may be;
For unto those that staid behind
Famine renew'd the cup of misery!

Nature will never be denied—
Her wants, though few, must be supplied:
The pilgrims felt the stern demand,
In winter, on a stranger land.

'Twas a gen'rous price: all ills to endure
That their children's children might dwell secure:
But their hearts were brave, and they murmur'd not
At the troublous scenes of their own hard lot;
And they chas'd from the eye the tears that come
At the thought of the land they had call'd their home.

Look there! a ship is just at hand—
An English sail from Europe's land!
Then gladness beam'd in every eye;
The children danc'd, they knew not why;
The mother kiss'd her laughing boy;
It was a scene of frantic joy!

THE RED MAN OF THE SOUTH.

How long shall we be hunted, like foxes in the chase,
And, like the wild-deer, made to fly before the white man's face?
How long will av'rice govern you, ye haughty sons of pride?
How long will fraud attest your claim, and force, the right decide?

Once we were savage wanderers, wild as our own rude bowers;
We gloried in the wilderness, and thought creation ours;
The forest, our large storehouse, abundant game insur'd,
And, folded in its bosom, we felt ourselves secur'd.

Cast in the mould of nature, our minds an impress took
Congenial with the mountain cliff and the meand'ring brook:
We knew no studied classics: our fathers' feats of old,
Were through tradition's faith preserv'd, and by our mothers told.

You've tam'd our vagrant spirits, and taught us how to prize
The worth of local treasures, the bliss of local joys:

You've taught us manufact'ring skill—we love the tame employ;
You've taught us arts of husbandry—we prize the harvest joy.

You've taught us *home is very dear;* and many a year of toil
Has made *our* homes seem beautiful, here on *our fathers'* soil:
Our souls, of softer texture now, can suit their tastes no more
Among the wild ferocities which satisfied before.

No more the deserts charm us, no more we feel a pride
In ranging o'er the lofty peaks, or by the mountain's side:
Our wants, by knowledge multiplied, would mock our best pretence
To gain, by rude and scanty means, a proper competence.

Divest us of the habits in civil life acquir'd—
Obliterate the feelings those habits have inspir'd—
Give back our roving natures, our tomahawk and bow—
Then, with our wives and little ones, to western wilds we'll go.

The foregoing was written at the time when the subject of removing the Southern Indians to the West, was discussed in the Congress of the United States of America, in 1830.

THE RED MAN OF THE WEST.

The Great Spirit, 'tis said, to our forefathers gave
All the lands 'twixt the eastern and western big wave;
And the Indian was happy—he'd nothing to fear,
As he rang'd o'er the mountains, in chase of the deer;
And he felt like a prince, as he steer'd the canoe,
Or explor'd the lone wild, with his hatchet and bow—
Quench'd his thirst at the streamlet, or simply he fed,
With the heavens for his curtain, the hillock his bed.
Say, then was he homeless? No: no, his heart beat
For the dear ones he lov'd, in the wigwam retreat.

But a wreck of the white man came over the wave:
In the chains of the tyrant, he'd learn'd to enslave:
Emerging from bondage and pale with distress,
He fled from oppression—he came to oppress!
Yes, such was the white man, invested with power;
When almost devour'd, he would turn to devour.
He seiz'd our possessions, and, fatt'ning with pride,
He thirsted for glory, but "freedom," he cried.

Our fathers were brave—they contended awhile,
Then left the invader the coveted soil:
The spoiler pursued them, our fathers went on,
And their children are now at the low, setting sun:

The white man, yet prouder, would grasp all the shore:
He smuggl'd and purchas'd and coveted more.

The pamper'd blue Eagle is stretching its crest
Beside the great waters that circle the west;
Behind the west wood, where the Indian retires,
The white man is building his opposite fires,
To fell the last forest, and burn up the wild
Which nature design'd for her wandering child.

Chas'd into environs, and no where to fly;
Too weak to contend, and unwilling to die!
O, where will a place for the Indian be found?
Shall he take to the skies? Or retreat underground?

MY FIRST VIEW OF A WESTERN PRAIRIE.

The loveliness of Nature always did
Delight me.
In the days of childhood, when
My young light heart, in all the buoyancy
Of its own bright imagination's spell,
Beat in accordant consonance to all
For which it cherish'd an affinity,
The Summer glory of the landscape rous'd
Within my breast a princely feeling. Time's
Obliterating strokes cannot erase
The impulse, with my being interwove;
And oftentimes, in the fond ecstacy
Of youth's effervescence, I've gaz'd
Upon the richly variegated fields,
Which most emphatically spoke the praise
Of Nature, and the Cultivator's skill.

But when I heard the western trav'ller paint
The splendid beauties of the far-off West;
Where Nature's pastures, rich and amply
broad,
Waving in full abundance, seem to mock
The agriculturists of eastern soil;
I grew incredulous that Nature's dress

Should be so rich, and so domestic, and
So beautiful, without the touch of Art;
And thought the picture fancifully wrought.

Yet, in the process of revolving scenes,
I left the place of childhood and of youth;
And as I journey'd t'ward the setting sun,
As if awaking from a nightly dream,
Into a scenery grand and strangely new,
I almost thought myself transported back
Upon the retrograding wheel of time,
To days and scenes when Greece presided o'er
The destinies of earth; and when she shone
Like her ador'd Apollo; without one
Tall rival in the field of Literature;
And fancied then myself as standing on
That towering mount of truly classic fame
That overlooks the rich, the fertile, and
The far-extended vales of Crissa: or
That in some wild poetic spell, of deep
Unconscious recklessness, I'd stray'd afar
Upon the flowing plains of Marathon.
But soon reflection's potent wand dispell'd
The false illusion, and I realiz'd
That I was not inhaling foreign air,
Or moving in a scene emblazon'd with
The classic legends of antiquity.
O, no: the scenery around was not
Enchantment. 'Twas the bright *original*
Of those fair images and ideal forms,

Which fancy's pencil is so prompt to sketch.
Instead of treading on Ionian fields,
I stood upon Columbian soil, and in
The rich and fertile State of Illinois.

Amaz'd, I view'd until my optic nerve
Grew dull and giddy with the frenzy of
The innocent delight; and I exclaim'd,
With Sheba's queen, "*One half had not been told.*"

But then my thoughts—can I describe my thoughts?
No: for description's liveliest powers grow lame,
Whenever put upon the chase of things
Of non-existence; and my thoughts had all,
Like liquid matter, melted down, and had
Become, as with a secret touch, absorb'd
In the one all-engrossing feeling of
Deep admiration, vivid and intense.
And my imagination too, for once
Acknowledg'd its own imbecility,
And cower'd down as if to hide away;
For all its powers had been too cold and dull,
Too tame and too domestic far, to draw
A parallel with the bold grandeur, and
The native beauty, of the "*Western World!*"

FUNERAL HYMN.

" How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne
And vail'd in midnight gloom.
O weep no more a Savior slain ;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again."

Enthron'd in everlasting day,
He lives no more to die :
He stoop'd to death, to lead the way
To happiness on high :
O'er death triumphant, and the grave,
He lives above, with power to save.

Beyond this earthly vale of tears,
Of sorrow, toil, and pain ;
Beyond this pilgrimage of years,
A glorious rest remains :
Then weep no more, but follow on
Where our departed friends are gone ;

Where pure and noble spirits are,
That taste of heavenly rest ;
To join the great assemblies there,
And mingle with the blest ;

Where health and youth and beauty bloom
In endless triumph o'er the tomb.

To raise a wretched fallen race
  To sceptred crowns on high,
The Savior left his Father's face,
  And came to bleed and die!
Shout, shout! O shout the highest strain;
He conquer'd death and rose again.

And now with joy, salvation treads
  Through death's forbidding gloom—
The light of life eternal spreads
  A halo round the tomb.
Then weep no more—the Saints that die
Are hail'd with joy in worlds on high.

JUVENILE HYMN.

I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And, in my early days,
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise.
I praise his name that he has given
Me parentage and birth,
Among the most belov'd of heaven
That dwell upon the earth.

O Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness;
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness:
And, like the faithful ones of old,
Who now behold thy face,
May I be form'd in virtue's mould
To fill a holy place.

While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands round my head,
I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing thy praises here
Among thy Saints below;
And in eternity appear
With them in glory too.

THE BRIDE'S AVOWAL.

My lord, the hour approaches,
  Our destinies to twine
In one eternal wreath of fate;
  As holy beings join.
May God approve our union,
  May angels come to bless;
And may our bridal wreath be gemm'd
  With endless happiness.

My bosom's best affections
  I never could resign,
Until thy goodness drew them forth;
  And now my heart is thine.
Confiding in thy guardian care,
  I cheerfully forego
All else of happiness, to share
  With thee, in weal or woe.

The world has smil'd upon me—
  I scorn its flattery;
For naught but thy *approving look*,
  Is happiness to me.
I would not sell thy *confidence*,
  For all the pearls that strew
The ocean's bed, or all the gems
  That sparkle in Peru.

BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

TO MISS S.

'Tis music's self—how sweet to sing
The waking loveliness of Spring,
When flowery nations, rising forth,
Perfume the air and deck the earth.

How charming is the morning ray
That ushers in the blaze of day!
How beauteous is the op'ning flower
That decorates the vernal bower!

But what is more delightful far,
Than Spring and morn and flowerets are,
Is youth that early seeks to God,
And spreads religion's light abroad.

When female graces sweetly join,
And with religion's charms combine,
With faith and hopes that will not bend,
How grand the aim—how great the end!

And if there's aught beneath the sun
That angels love to look upon,

'Tis when the youthful powers of mind
Are to the laws of God inclin'd.

Let scorn unvail its vulgar art,
Let pale-fac'd envy point its dart,
Your heart is fix'd, a crown to gain
Where God and Christ forever reign.

———o———

TRUE HAPPINESS.

The noblest, proudest joys that this
World's favor can dispense,
Are far inferior to the bliss
Of conscious innocence.
The joy that in the bosom flows,
No circumstance can bind ;
It is a happiness that knows
No province but the mind.

It makes the upright soul rejoice,
With weight of ills opprest,

To hear the soothing, still small voice
Low whispering in the breast.
The favor of the mighty God,
The favor of His Son,
The Holy Spirit shed abroad,
The hope of life to come,

Are higher honors, richer worth,
Surpassing all reward—
Than kings and princes of the earth
Have taken or conferr'd.
And when, in Christ, the spirit finds
That sweet, that promis'd rest,
In spite of every power that binds,
We feel that we are blest.

Though vile reproach its volumes swell,
And friends withdraw their love;
If conscience whispers, "*All is well*,"
And God and heaven approve;
We'll triumph over every ill,
And hold our treasure fast;
And stand at length on Zion's hill,
Secure from every blast.

MENTAL GAS.

Charles to his teacher—Sir, you say
That nature's laws admit decay—
That changes never cease ;
And yet you say, no void or space ;
'Tis only change of shape or place—
No loss, and no increase.

That space or vacuum, sir, explain—
When solid sense forsakes the brain,
Pray what supplies its place?
O, sir, I think I see it now—
When substance fails, you will allow
Air occupies the space.

Not so, my child, that rule must fail ;
For, by my philosophic scale,
The substitute for sense
Is lighter far than common air ;
And with the most consummate care,
No chemic skill can dense.

But when misfortune turns the screw,
'Tis oft compress'd from outward view—
By outward force confin'd :

But with expansive power 'twill rise,
Destroy the man, increase his size,
And swell his optics blind.

Of various hues, yet still the same ;
Though *mental gas* its chemic name,
Some Poets call it *pride :*
Th' important aid this gas imparts
Among the various *human arts*
Can never be denied.

This gas, entire, may be obtain'd
From sculls whence sense is mostly drain'd,
Or never had supplies :
But were the noblest heads disclos'd,
From acts and motives decompos'd,
This mental gas would rise.

The parson's lecture, lawyer's plea,
Devoted sums of charity,
The sage with book profound ;
The Muse's pen, the churchman's creed,
The mill-boy on his pacing steed,
Are more or less compound.

APOSTROPHE TO DEATH.

What art thou, Death?
I've seen thy visage, and
Have heard thy sound—the deep, low murm'ring
sound
That rises o'er thy tread.
Thy land is call'd
A land of shadows, and thy path, a path
Of blind contingence, gloominess, and fear:
Thy form comprising all that's terrible.
For all the terrors that have cross'd the earth,
Or crept into its lowest depths, have been
Associated with the thoughts of Death.

The tales of old bear record of thy deeds;
For thou hast been, in every rank and grade,
In every circumstance, in every place,
A visitor.
Unceremoniously
Thou'st strode into the mansions of the great,
And rous'd a stream of agonizing grief
Upon the rich, embroider'd carpetings
That decorate the splendid citadels
Where pomp and fashion reign, where bolts and
bars,

To all intruding forms, except thyself,
Preclude admittance.
Thou hast added oft,
To the abode of wretched poverty,
A larger, deeper draught of wretchedness.

The rich and poor, the little and the great,
Have shar'd thy bitterness; have felt thy hand.
But thou art chang'd—the terror of thy looks,
The darkness that encompass'd thee is gone:
There is no frightfulness about thee now.

Intelligence, the everlasting lamp
Of Truth—of Truth Eternal, lighted from
The worlds on high, has pour'd its brilliant flame
Abroad, to scatter darkness and to chase
The horrors that attended thy approach;
And thou art chang'd. For since the glorious light
Of revelation shone upon thy path,
Thou seemst no more a hideous monster, arm'd
With jav'lins, arrows, shafts, and iron barbs,
To fix in everlasting hopelessness
The noblest prospect and the purest aim.

Beyond thy presence and beyond thy reach,
Beyond the precincts of thy dread domain,
Beyond the mansions where in silence lie
The scatter'd relics of thy ghastly power,
High on eternity's projecting coast,
A glorious beacon rears its lofty disk;

And the bright beams of Immortality,
By revelation's bold reflection given,
Have fall'n upon thee, and roll'd back the shades
Which superstition, ignorance, and doubt
Had heap'd like ocean's mountain waves upon
Thy lone, unsocial, hourly trodden path.

Hope, the bright luminary of the heart,
Is coursing round thee ; and her orbit's breadth
Extends beyond the utmost of thy shades,
And points her radius to celestial spheres.

The mask that hung in troubl'd folds around
Thy pulseless bosom, has been torn aside.
Seen as thou art, by Inspiration's light,
Thou hast no look the righteous need to fear.

With all thy ghastliness, with all the grief
Thy presence brings, I hear a thrilling tone
Of music, sweet as seraph notes that ride
Upon the balmy breath of summer-eve.
No more a tyrant, holding the black reins
Of government, that binds the destinies
Of man's existence, thou, O Death, art but
A haggard porter, charg'd to wait before
The Grave—Life's portal to the worlds on high.

SLAUGHTER OF THE SAINTS ON SHOAL CREEK, MO.

Here in a land that freemen call their home,
Far from the influence of papal Rome—
Yes, in a "*mild and toleråting age*,"
The Saints have fallen 'neath the barb'rous rage
Of men inspir'd by that misjudging hate
Which ignorance and prejudice create.
Ill-fated men, whose minds would hardly grace
The most ferocious of the brutal race;
Men without feeling—else their hearts would bleed
At the commission of so foul a deed
As that, when they, at Shoal Creek in Caldwell,
Upon an unresisting people fell;
Whose only crime was, *daring to profess*
Th' eternal principles of righteousness.

'Twas not enough for that infernal crew
To murder men—they shot them through and through!
Frantic with rage, they pour'd their molten lead
Profusely on the dying and the dead!
E'en mercy's claim, which heaven delights to hear,
Fell disregarded on relentless ears.

Long, o'er the scene of that unhappy eve,
Will the lone widow and the orphan grieve.

Their savage foes, with greedy av'rice fir'd,
Plunder'd their murder'd victims and retir'd;
And at the shadowy close of parting day
In slaughter'd heaps husbands and fathers lay!
There lay the dead and there the dying ones—
The air reverberating with their groans!
Night's sable sadness mingling with the sound,
Spread a terrific hideousness around.

Ye wives and mothers, think of woman then,
Left in a group of dead and dying men.
Her hopes were blasted—all her prospects riven,
Save one—she trusted in the God of heaven.
Yet for the dead, her widow'd heart-strings crave
A last kind office—yes, *a decent grave.*

Description fails—Though language is too mean
To paint the horrors of that dreadful scene;
All things are present to His searching eye,
Whose ears are open to the raven's cry.

SOME GOOD THINGS.

When from injustice' bitter cup
We're forc'd to drink the portion up,
And wait in silence heaven's reward,
'Tis *good* to lean upon the Lord.

When haplessly we're plac'd among
The venom of a lying tongue,
'Tis *good* to feel our spirits pure,
And our inheritance secure.

'Tis *good*, 'tis soothing to the mind,
If friends we cherish prove unkind,
And meet us with an angry mood,
To know we sought to do them good.

When pale-fac'd Envy seeks to fling
Across our path its envious sting,
'Tis *good* to know we never aim'd
To gain a prize that others claim'd.

When by unmerited demand
We bow beneath oppression's hand,
'Tis *good* within ourselves to know
That tides of fortune ebb and flow.

When persecution aims to blind
The judgment and pervert the mind,
'Tis *good* to know the path we've trod
Is sanction'd and approv'd of God.

When superstition's meagre form
Goes forth and stirs the wrathful storm,
'Tis *good*, amid the blast, to find
A steadfast, firm, decided mind.

When we are tossing to and fro
Amid the varying scenes below,
'Tis *good* to hope through Jesus' love
To share his glorious rest above.

'Tis *good* to live by every word
Proceeding from the mouth of God:
'Tis *good* His faithfulness to trust,
And freely own His precepts just.

TO SARAH.

Sarah, I love you—I have lov'd you long
With love that can't be utter'd in a song—
That will not perish with life's hopes and fears,
But lives and strengthens with increasing years.

God, our great Father, we should love supreme—
All else, proportion'd to their love for Him;
And through obedience, without ceasing, aim
To gain His presence, there, from whence we came.

Life's scenes, like furnaces, are form'd to prove
Our textures, and prepare us yet to move
In spheres immortal, glorious and divine,
And pour salvation on our kindred line.

APPEAL TO AMERICANS.

"O Liberty! O sound once delightful!"

Our forefathers fought and our forefathers bled!
Let them rest in peace in their gory bed:
O, awake them not from their deep repose,
Lest their hearts should bleed o'er their children's
woes.

For Freedom's prize the brave vet'rans fought,
And *Equal Rights* was the boon they sought:
They obtain'd it at length, and their country's smile
Arous'd the envy of Britain's Isle.
For her sons were free—they could worship God
Without fear of reproach, or the tyrant's rod:
Then, then was a time that tears could flow,
And the heart could melt over tales of woe.

But Columbia, where, O where is now
The bright wreath of glory that deck'd thy brow?
Let thy patriots sleep, and awake them not;
And thy heroes' deeds—let them be forgot;
For the blood-stain'd banner their conquests won,
Has its sacred protection now withdrawn!

There's a dark, foul stain on the Eagle's crest,
For Columbia's sons have her sons oppress'd;
And, chas'd into exile, now they roam
Far away from their land, and their much lov'd
home.

Awake! all ye sons of Freedom, awake,
And redeem your cause, for Columbia's sake—
Give us back our rights ere eternal shame
Shall wither the wreath of our country's fame.

Shall we, *must* we rank with the barbarous age
Stamp'd with persecution's unhallow'd rage?
Shall the foul misdeeds of a neighboring State
Blast the Union's glory and seal her fate?
Shall the haughty monarchs of Europe say
That Columbia's splendor has faded away?
No, Awake, ye sons of Freedom, awake!
And redeem your cause, for Columbia's sake.

QUINCY, ILL., APRIL, 1839.

THE SAINTS' INVOCATION.

Roll on thy work, Eternal God,
And speed the glorious time
When thy pure Gospel, spread abroad,
Will gladden every clime.

When burnish'd error will return
To chaos, whence it came;
When truth, the lamp of life, will burn
With clear, Celestial flame.

When knowledge, flowing from on high,
Will o'er the earth be spread,
Deep-mantling as the waves that lie
Upon the ocean's bed.

O, give the happy period birth,
When strife and war shall cease;
When all the nations of the earth
Will learn the arts of peace.

When foul iniquity will hide
In shame its hateful head,
And wicked men no more in pride
Upon the righteous tread.

When all the people will be wise,
And all their dealings just;
When lying tongues and envious eyes
Will moulder in the dust.

When Zion will be plac'd on high
In bold security;
When all the watchmen, eye to eye,
Upon her walls shall see.

When love to God and neighbor, will
Pervade each human breast;
And in the light of Zion's hill
The nations all be blest.

When Zion's lofty towers will rise
Above all earthly height;
And, mingling with the joyful skies,
Eclipse yon orbs of light.

Propel thy glorious kingdom forth,
Extend its light abroad;
Perform thy purpose on the earth,
Thou great, Eternal God.

TO THE CITIZENS OF QUINCY.

Ye Sons and Daughters of Benevolence,
Whose hearts are tun'd to tones of sympathy;
Who have put forth the lib'ral hand to meet
The urgent wants of the oppress'd and poor!
You high ton'd spirits, who have nobly dar'd
To stem the foaming tide of vile reproach,
And brave the pois'nous, deadly current of
Detraction and fell hate, in rescuing
Oppressed innocence from the hard hand
Of the oppressor!
In return for this—
Though it perpetuates your city's name,
And makes the sound of Quincy echo sweet,
And full of moral meaning to the soul
Of every true philanthropist—you get
No regal honors. No loud trump of fame
Will blazon forth your deeds, except to throw
A dark'ning shade upon them; thus to aim
A cruel missile at the rescued ones.
No laurel branch, nor cypress bough, will wave
In graceful dignity about your heads, to tell,
In speechless eloquence, what you have done.
No sculptur'd marble monument will rear
Its head, as if in bold defiance to

The stern, untiring, withering hand of Time,
To tell your *name* and *deeds* to passers by.
No; we have no insignia of this kind,
No medal of an earthly mould to give;
But yet, we fain would proffer you a boon
Of more congenial texture; one that's wrought
In the fine fibres of the human heart;
Not in that heart where selfishness, and mean,
And coarse, and sordid feelings sit enthron'd;
And whose dull pulses are like clogs confin'd
By the unwieldy chains of ignorance.
For there are some, who "privily have crept
Among us unawares," whose hearts are set
On gain, for filthy lucre's sake; and while
We say to you, *beware of such*, lest they
Abuse your liberality; we say,
Esteem them our *misfortune*, not our *fault:*
For tares must grow among the wheat, until
The time of harvest; therefore, the upright
Will often suffer an unjust reproach.
Pure Gratitude, our free-will off'ring, is
The product of an elevated mind;
When the heart beats with sensibility,
Reciprocates each high-born thought, and stoops,
Unask'd, to pay its deff'rence at the shrine,
The sacred shrine, of Generosity.
And *some*, yes, *many* spirits, such as this,
We have among us—noble minded ones,
Who will not swerve from those unchanging laws,
The steadfast principles of rightcousness—

Whose firm integrity would yet remain
Unmov'd, though "mountains skip like rams, and all
The little hills like lambs."
The Gratitude
Which emanates from spirits such as these,
Is no mean offering, neither cheaply won,
Ye noble, generous-hearted citizens
Of Quincy!

QUINCY, ILL., APRIL, 1839.

HAST THOU KNOWN SUFFERING?

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—*Hebrew Psalmist.*

Hast thou ever felt oppression
Bearing down with heavy hand;
Or the finger of expulsion
Pushing from thy fav'rite land;

When the laws that would befriend thee,
Were laid prostrate in thy sight;
When the powers that should defend thee,
Trampl'd on thy dearest right?

Hast thou ever been a stranger—
Has thy lot been ever thrown
Far from home, a hapless ranger,
Both unknowing and unknown,

When no kindly voice could cheer thee
With the music of thy home,
When the breezes flutt'ring near thee
Whisper'd, "Stranger, thou must roam?"

When, in spite of all the gladness
Thou could'st share in others' weal,
Clouds of gloom and nights of sadness
Would across thy bosom steal?

Yet, withal, in sweet submission,
Could'st thou yield to banishment;
And, in every new condition,
Learn therewith to be content?

When thy earthly hopes were riven,
Could'st thou, meekly bowing down,
Still adore the God of heaven,
Saying, "*Let thy will be done?*"

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

Though deep'ning trials throng your way,
Press on, press on, ye Saints of God!
Ere long the resurrection day
Will spread its light and truth abroad.

Though outward ills await us here,
The time at longest is not long
Ere Jesus Christ will re-appear,
Surrounded by a glorious throng.

Lift up your hearts in praise to God—
Let your rejoicings never cease:
Though tribulations rage abroad,
Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."

What though our rights have been assail'd?
What though by foes we've been despoil'd?
Jehovah's promise has not fail'd—
Jehovah's purpose is not foil'd.

His work is moving on apace,
And great events are rolling forth:
The kingdom of the latter-days—
The "little stone," must fill the earth.

Though Satan rage, 'tis all in vain—
The words the ancient Prophets spoke,
Sure as the throne of God remain,
Nor men nor devils can revoke.

All glory to His holy name,
Who sends His faithful servants forth
To prove the nations—to proclaim
Salvation's tidings through the earth.

—o—

SONG OF THE EXILED SAINTS.

We are far, far away from the land of our home,
And, like strangers, in exile we're destin'd to roam;
While our foes are exulting to drive us abroad,
Our faith is unshaken—our trust is in God,
Though far from home:
For we journey'd away from our country and home.

We were houseless and homeless in tempest and storm,
But God is our Father—we lean'd on His arm;
And beneath His protection our lives were secure,
And we smil'd at the hardships we had to endure,
While journeying on
To a country of strangers—a land not our home.

Then, then we remember'd the House of the Lord,
Where the Saints met so often to feast on the Word
Pour'd forth in the Spirit, sent down from on high,
And our thoughts sometimes linger'd on seasons gone by,
When at our home
We enjoy'd with the Saints the rich blessings of home.

But all those who a kingdom celestial would gain,
Need not parley with danger, with trouble or pain;
For if Christ was made perfect through suff'ring, shall we
E'er expect in his presence to reign gloriously,
Unless we come
"*Up through great tribulation*" to Zion, our home?

Thus the Former-day Saints, who were driven away,
And like deer in the forest were destin'd to stray:
Clad in "*sheepskins and goatskins*," they wander'd around,
Or in "*caves and in dens*" a lone residence found:
And should they roam,
And the Latter-day Saints rest in quiet at home?

Now the Saints who are faithful and trust in the Lord,
Where'er they are scatter'd, go "preaching the Word;"
And the honest in heart the glad tidings believe,
And with joy and rejoicing the Gospel receive,
And seek a home
With the just of all ages, when Jesus shall come.

O, we long for the promis'd redemption to come,
When the faithful in Jesus will all gather home
From the north—from the south—from the east and the west,
To partake with the ancients the great promis'd rest:
And Shiloh come,
And crown with his presence Mount Zion, our home.

MY OWN HOME.

O tell me not of ease or fame,
Or all that Mammon's vot'ries claim ;
I know their paltry worth :
But let me hear the voice of home,
Whether a palace, hut, or dome—
There's naught so dear on earth.

Talk not to me of splendid halls,
Of sumptuous feasts where folly calls
For fashion's ample fee :
But talk of home's most scanty treat,
Where love and pure affection meet
In plain simplicity.

Talk not of princely crowns to me,
Or proud imperial dignity,
Replete with tedious care :
But talk of home's unblazon'd things,
Where virtue smiles, and wisdom sings
Sweet sonnets rich and fair.

O, yes, describe that parlor fire
Where often sat my aged sire,
And mother by his side ;

My brothers, full of native glee,
My loving sisters, coy, and free
From ostentatious pride.

Such bonny scenes I value high:
Coxcombs and belles may pass them by
As things of no repute:
But these are what I love to hear—
'Tis sweeter music to my ear
Than Tasso's melting lute.

Home, charming sound unknown to fame—
Has more kind feelings in the *name*,
Than all the studied lore
That stoic brains have ever thought,
Or stoic genius ever taught
To all the world before.

But yet, the home, the heavenly prize,
Which far beyond this scenery lies,
Is the rich boon I crave;
And though in exile here I roam,
My heart is fix'd—I have a home,
Secure, beyond the grave.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

In spite of all the watchfulness
Of interested multitudes,
In spite of all the pictur'd bliss
Which fancy's lib'ral hand intrudes,
Still passing onward day by day,
As light aërial coursers fly,
The hasty Year has roll'd away
With matchless speed: and why?

It hurried on, to hide its guilty head,
By mingling with the blood-stain'd years that lie
In huddl'd heaps beyond the flood. It fled,
Afraid to wait the test of scrutiny.
'Twas brib'd by avarice, and its hand was rais'd
To pluck from Freedom's wreath its holiest gem:
It aim'd to get humanity displac'd,
And bind oppression on her diadem!

The Year has gone: but hark! a sound
Is deeply murm'ring round the sky—
An evil genius lurks around,
Ghost of the Year gone by.

Beware! foul shade, the time will come
When all thy deeds will re-appear;
For justice will award the doom
Of each departed Year!

JANUARY, 1840.

———o———

AS I BELIEVE.

DEDICATED TO PRESIDENT H. C. KIMBALL.

If we're faithful to live by each forthcoming word,
And abide by the Prophet's dictation,
And with constant humility trust in the Lord,
We ere long shall behold the salvation
Of God, coming forth in its glory and power,
In a time of His wisdom's own choosing:
It will suddenly come: it will come in an hour
When the foolish are stupidly dozing.

What boots it, though darkness encompass us round,
With tradition's shrill thunderbolts ringing,
If we in obedience to Jesus are found,
And are still to the "iron rod" clinging?
If we are submissive, and willing to be
Like clay in the potter's hand moulded,
Our hearts will be glad, and rejoice when we see
God's purposes fully unfolded.

Though I'm ever determin'd to watch unto prayer,
I'm so human—so subject to feeling,
I oft on a sudden, before I'm aware,
Find unhallowed thoughts o'er me stealing,
And a dark-featur'd spirit, foreboding no good,
O'er my bosom insensibly creeping,
And twining around me a sorrowful mood,
That with grace cannot be in good keeping.

But I hastily bid all such spirits depart—
My *detector* pronounces them evil:
They ne'er should be suffer'd to rankle the heart—
Let them go whence they came—to the devil.
In whom I have trusted, I verily know:
I'll confide in His goodness forever—
I'll obey Him. Eternity's records will show
If my heart from His precepts can sever.

God knows His own purpose: He'll finish it too,
Unassisted by human advisings—

He's abundance of means, and He'll carry it through,
Though vain man should be proudly despising.
'Twas the faithful in Israel who bow'd down to drink
Like a dog, and they scorn'd not to lap it:
Every proud-fashion'd scheme will to nothingness shrink,
For the power of the Priesthood will sap it.

When we act for Eternity, shall we regard
The ills of the present? No, never;
But, heedless of consequence, trust in the Lord,
And abide in His statutes forever;
And forever rejoice in His favor and love,
Giving heed to the voice of His Spirit,
Until we arrive in the mansions above,
And the glory celestial inherit.

NAUVOO, AUGUST, 1842.

TO A REVOLUTIONARY FATHER.

Thou aged man! I bless thy hoary head—
Blest be each vet'ran in our country's cause:
To you from persecution's rage we've fled,
To seek protection of those sacred laws—
Those laws for which our noble fathers fought,
Which in Missouri have been set at naught.

Methinks your heart oft bleeds, while often flow
The crystal tears upon your furrow'd cheek,
To see those *rights* for which you suffer'd so,
Usurp'd by those of whom I scorn to speak;
While those who *should* be privileg'd to share
Those free-born rights, are wandering here and there.

Thrust from our homes, where once we dwelt secure,
Like wayward pilgrims, to your house we come;
Houseless and homeless—shelterless and poor,
Beneath your kindly roof we find a home,
And find a heart to Freedom's cause yet true—
Unlike Missouri's lawless, mobbing crew.

Missouri's exiles own your friendly care,
And, in the season of adversity,
The orphan's blessing and the widow's prayer,
Both morn and night, ascend to God for thee;
That thou mayst live so long as life is dear,
And peace and plenty crown your closing year.

And when your days are number'd here below,
And you shall leave this rugged, nether soil,
May you depart in peace, and may you go
Where weary spirits rest secure from toil:
Go, join your spirit to that noble band
Who sav'd our country from th' oppressor's hand.

QUINCY, ILL., MAY, 1839.

COLUMBIA! MY COUNTRY.

I love the land with banner spread
And waving gloriously—
The country where our fathers bled
To purchase Liberty.

I love the land where regal lord
Has never trod the soil:
Where humble merit meets reward,
And plenty follows toil.

And when on fancy's wings I ride
To other lands afar,
My thoughts return—with conscious pride
I hail my country's star.

To frigid climes, through airy plains,
By fancy's skill I stray,
Where Winter crown'd with night maintains
A long and rigid sway.

There human thought, and seas and streams
Are mutually congeal'd;
And there existence almost seems
With non-existence seal'd.

I visit Grecia's Turkish coast,
Long, long in darkness chain'd,
While superstition's sombre ghost
O'er intellect has reign'd.

There female character, unfreed
From bigotry's control,
Too well attests Mohammed's creed,
That "woman has no soul."

I list to music soft and sweet
Along Liberia's shore,
Where Afric's sands salute the feet
Of Afric's sons once more.

And while beneath the torrid skies,
O'er burning plains I tread,
And see the lofty bamboo rise,
And broad banana spread,

With thrilling pleasure oft I gaze
Upon the scenery where
The brilliant fire-fly torches blaze
Upon the midnight air.

To Asia's empires widely spread,
I dec'rously resort;
And with impartial def'rence tread
Each high imperial court.

And then with fairy speed I fly
To lands of brighter fame,
And Europe's prouder standards try,
And Freedom's banner claim.

But O, I find no country yet
Like my Columbia dear;
And oftentimes *almost* forget
I live an exile here.

QUINCY, ILL., 1840.

—o—

TO MR. AND MRS. S., ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Cease, ye fond parents, cease to weep—
Let grief no more your bosoms swell:
For what is death? 'Tis nature's sleep:
The trump of God will break its spell;
For he, whose arm is strong to save,
Arose in triumph o'er the grave.

Why should you sorrow? Death is sweet
To those that die in Jesus' love;
Though call'd to part, you soon will meet
In holier, happier climes above;
For all the faithful Christ will save,
And crown with vict'ry o'er the grave.

There's consolation in the blow,
Although it crush a tender tie;
For while it lays its victims low,
Death opens to the worlds on high;
Celestial glories proudly wave
Above the confines of the grave.

Let heathen nations clothe the tread
Of death in faithless, hopeless gloom,
While vain imaginations spread
Terrific forms around the tomb;
For human science never gave
A light to shine beyond the grave.

But where the light, the glorious light
Of revelation freely flows,
Let reason, faith, and hope unite
To hush our sorrows to repose—
Through faith in Him who died to save,
We'll shout hosannas o'er the grave.

TO THE SAINTS IN EUROPE.

Ye Saints who dwell on Europe's shore,
Let not your hearts be faint—
Let each press on to things before,
And be indeed a Saint.

Although the present time may seem
O'erspread with clouds of gloom,
The light of faith will spread a gleam,
Until deliv'rance come.

Hold fast the things you have receiv'd—
Be faithful in the Lord:
You know in whom you have believ'd—
He's faithful to His word.

Your brethren in America
Are one in heart with you;
And they are toiling night and day
For Zion's welfare too.

They even now are driven forth
To track the wilderness,
And leave the country of their birth,
For truth and righteousness.

But there's a day—'tis near at hand—
A day of joy and peace :
That day will break oppression's band,
And bring the Saints release.

Then, brethren, haste to gather up—
We shall rejoice to meet ;
When we have drunk the bitter cup,
We'll know and prize the sweet.

And even *now* the Lord bestows
More, more than tongue can tell,
Of that which from His presence flows—
Yes, brethren, *all is well.*

TO ELDER LORENZO SNOW, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Dearest brother, wherefore leave us?
Why forsake your friends and home?
Of your presence why bereave us,
And in foreign countries roam?

Must the dearest ties be broken?
Must affection's beauties fade?
No, O no! But God has spoken,
And His voice must be obey'd.

You have gone to warn the nations,
In the name of Israel's God
You are call'd to bear salvation's
Joyful tidings far abroad.

For the Gospel proclamation
Must be sounded far and near,
That the best of every nation
May in Zion's courts appear.

In the spirit of devotion
To Messiah's glorious cause,
You have cross'd the pathless ocean
To proclaim redemption's laws.

You are made a standard bearer,
On a distant mountain-top ;
And perchance ofttimes a sharer
In privation's bitter cup.

For the Lord designs to prove you,
If His voice you will obey :
Therefore from your friends who love you,
You are parted far away.

You are call'd yourself to sever
From the land where kindred dwell ;
But it will not be forever—
Time will surely break the spell.

Here warm friends await your greeting—
Noble friends of Abr'am's line :
Here are gentle pulses beating
In soft unison with thine.

Here are daily prayers ascending
For th' appointed hour to come,
When, your mission nobly ending,
We shall bid you *welcome home.*

THE NAUVOO LEGION.

The firm heart of the sage and the patriot is warm'd
By the grand Nauvoo Legion. The Legion is form'd
To oppose vile oppression, and nobly to stand
In defence of the honor and laws of the land.
Base, illegal proscribers may tremble—'tis right
That the lawless aggressor should shrink with affright
From a band that's united fell mobbers to chase,
And protect our lov'd country from utter disgrace.

Fair Columbia, rejoice—look away to the West,
To thy own Illinois, where the Saints have found rest:
See a phœnix come forth from the graves of the just,
Whom Missouri's oppressors laid low in the dust:
See a phœnix—a Legion—a warm-hearted band,
Who, unmov'd, to thy basis of freedom will stand.

When the day of vexation rolls fearfully on—
When thy children turn traitors—when safety is gone—
When peace in thy borders no longer is found—
When the fierce battles rage and the war-trumpets sound,
Here, here are thy warriors, a true-hearted band—
To their country's best int'rest forever will stand:
For *then* to thy standard the Legion will be
A strong bulwark of Freedom—of pure Liberty.

Here's the silver-hair'd vet'ran who suffer'd to gain
That freedom he now volunteers to maintain ;
The brave, gallant young soldier—the patriot, is here,
With his sword and his buckler, his helmet and spear ;
And the horseman whose steed proudly steps to the sound
Of the soul-stirring music that's moving around ;
And here too is the orphan whose spirit grows brave
At the mention of " Boggs," and his own father's grave ;
Yes, and bold-hearted chieftains as ever drew breath,
Who are fearless of danger—regardless of death ;
Who've decreed in the name of the Ruler on high
That the laws *shall be honor'd*—that treason *shall die.*

Should they need reinforcements, those Rights to secure,
Which our forefathers purchas'd, and freedom insure,
There is still in reserve a strong cohort above—
Lo ! " *the chariots of Israel and horsemen thereof.*"

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The following lines were suggested by the circumstance of the presentation of the Book of Mormon to Her Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by Elder L. Snow, through the politeness of Sir Henry Wheatley, in 1842.

Of all the monarchs of the earth
That wear the robes of royalty,
She has inherited by birth
The broadest wreath of majesty.

From her wide territorial wing
The sun does not withdraw its light,
While earth's diurnal motions bring
To other nations day and night.

All earthly thrones are tott'ring things,
Where lights and shadows intervene;
And regal honor often brings
The scaffold or the guillotine.

But still *her* sceptre is approv'd—
All nations deck the wreath she wears;
Yet, like the youth whom Jesus lov'd,
One thing is lacking even there.

But lo! a prize possessing more
Of worth than gems with honor rife—
A herald of salvation bore
To her the words of endless life.

That *gift*, however fools deride,
Is worthy of her royal care:
She'd better lay her crown aside
Than spurn the light reflected there.

O would she now her influence lend—
The influence of royalty,
Messiah's kingdom to extend,
And Zion's "*nursing mother*" be;

She, with the glory of her name
Inscrib'd on Zion's lofty spire,
Would win a wreath of endless fame,
To last when other wreaths expire.

Though over millions call'd to reign—
Herself a powerful nation's boast,
'Twould be her everlasting gain
To serve the King, the Lord of Hosts.

For there are crowns and thrones on high,
And kingdoms *there* to be conferr'd;
There honors wait that never die,
There fame's immortal trump is heard.

Truth speaks—it is Jehovah's word:
Let kings and queens and princes hear:
In distant isles the sound is heard—
Ye heavens, rejoice; O earth, give ear.

The time, the time is now at hand
To give a glorious period birth—
The Son of God will take command,
And rule the nations of the earth.

———o———

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?—*Malachi.*

Lo! the Savior is coming, the Prophets declare—
The times are fulfilling, O Zion, prepare:
The Savior is coming: but where shall he come?
Will he find in the palace of princes a home?

No: O no, in his Temple he'll surely attend—
But, O where is the Temple where Christ will descend?

Since the ancient Apostles and Christians are dead,
The heavens have been seal'd—they are brass o'er the head
Of a world of professors, presuming to claim
A belief in the Gospel of Jesus' blest name;
Who profess to believe it, yet boldly deny
Its most prominent feature, the gifts from on high;
And deny that the word of the Lord should come forth,
As it anciently did, to the Saints upon earth.
Then to whom shall Jehovah His purpose declare?
And by whom shall the people be taught to prepare
For the coming of Jesus—a Temple to build,
That the ancient predictions may all be fulfill'd?

When Moses of old was appointed to rear
A place where the glory of God should appear,
He receiv'd at the hand of the high King of kings
A true model—a pattern of heavenly things.
The eternal Jehovah will not condescend
His wisdom with human inventions to blend;
And a Temple—a House to the name of the Lord,
Must be built by commandment, and form'd to His word,
Or He will not accept it, nor angels come down
In the light of His presence the service to crown.

O, then, who upon earth uninstructed will dare
Build a house to the Lord? But the Scriptures declare

That Messiah is coming—the time's drawing nigh:
Hark! a scheme is divulg'd, 'twas concerted on high:
With divine revelation the Saints have been blest—
Every doubt has subsided—the mind is at rest.

The Great God has establish'd in mercy and grace,
The "*strange work*" that precedes the concluding of days—
The pure Gospel of Jesus again is restor'd;
By its power, through the Prophet, the word of the Lord
Is again coming forth, and intelligence rolls
From the upper eternity, cheering our souls.

"*Build a house to my name*," the Eternal has said
To a people by truth's holy principles led.
"*Build a house to my name*, where my Saints may be blest,
Where my glory and power shall in majesty rest."

O, ye Saints, be admonish'd by Time's rolling car:
It is rapidly onward. Hear, ye from afar!
Come and bring in your treasures—your wealth from abroad:
Come and build up the City and Temple of God.
When you gather to Zion, come not "*looking back*"—
Let your hearts not be faint, let your hands not be slack,
For great honor and glory and grace and renown
Will appear on their heads whom the Savior will crown:

And the Savior is coming the Prophets declare—
The times are fulfilling—to Zion repair;
"Let us watch and be sober," the period is near
When the Lord in His Temple will surely appear.

—o—

MISSOURI.

What aileth thee, O Missouri, that thy face should gather blackness: and why are thy features so terribly distorted?

Rottenness has seized upon thy vitals—corruption is preying upon thy inward parts, and the breath of thy lips is full of destructive contagion.

What meaneth thy shaking, and why art thou terrified? Thou hast become like Belshazzar—"*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*," is indeed written against thee; but it is the work of thy own hand—the characters upon thy wall are of thine own inscription, and wherefore dost thou tremble?

Wouldst thou know the interpretation thereof? Hast thou sought for a Daniel to declare it unto thee?

Verily one greater than Daniel was in thy midst; but thou hast butchered the Saints of the Most High, and hunted the Prophets like Ahab of old.

Thou hast extinguished the light of thy own glory—thou hast plucked from thy head the crown of honor—thou hast divested thyself of the robe of respectability —thou hast thrust from thy own bosom the veins that flowed with virtue and integrity.

Thou hast violated the laws of our sacred Constitution — thou hast unsheathed the sword against thy dearest national Rights, by rising up against thy own citizens, and moistening thy soil with the blood of those that legally inherited it.

When thou hadst torn from helpless innocence its rightful protectors, thou didst pollute the holy sanctuary of female virtue, and barbarously trample upon the most sacred gems of domestic felicity!

Therefore the daughters of Columbia count thee a reproach, and blush with indignation at the mention of thy name.

Thou hast become an ignominious stain on the escutcheon of a noble, free, and independent Republic—thou art a stink in the nostrils of the goddess of Liberty.

Thou art fallen—thou art fallen beneath the weight of thine own unhallowed deeds, and thine iniquities are pressing as a heavy load upon thee.

But although thy glory has departed—though thou hast gone down like a star that has set forever; thy memory will not be erased—thou wilt be had in remembrance, even until the Saints of God shall forget that the

way to the celestial kingdom is "*through great tribulation.*"

Though thou shouldst be severed from the body of the Union, like a mortified member—though the lion from the thicket should devour thee up, thy doings will be perpetuated—mention will be made of them by the generations to come.

Thou art already associated with Herod, Nero, and the "bloody Inquisition"—thy name has become synonymous with oppression, cruelty, treachery, and blood.

Thou wilt rank high with the haters of righteousness, and the shedders of innocent blood. The hosts of tyrants are waiting beneath to meet thee at thy coming.

O, ye wise Legislators, ye Executives of the Nation, ye Distributors of Justice, ye Advocates of Equal Rights! arise and redress the wrongs of an innocent people, and redeem the Cause of insulted Liberty.

Let not the contagious spirit of corruption wither the sacred wreath that encircles you, and spread a cloud of darkness over the glory of your star-spangled banner.

Lest the monarchs of the earth should have you in derision, lest you should be weighed in the balance with the heathen nations, and should be found wanting.

Lest the arm of the Lord should be revealed in judgment against you—lest an arrow of vengeance from the Almighty should pierce the rotten fabric of a once sheltering Constitution, and your boasted Confederacy become like an oak dismembered of its branches, when its shattered trunk is torn piecemeal by the uprising of the furious tempest.

For the cries of the widow and the fatherless, the groans of the oppressed, and the prayers of the suffering exile have come up before the Lord God of Hosts, who brought our pilgrim fathers across the boisterous ocean, and raised up a Washington to break the yoke of foreign oppression.

City of Nauvoo, 1842.

—o—

TO A SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

Far from the braes of Scotland,
Your ocean-wave wash'd isle;
Far from your father's dwelling,
And your fond mother's smile;
Far from the crystal fountains,
The highland glen and glade,
O'er which in early childhood
Your sportive fancy stray'd.

Though far from home and parents,
Young maiden, all is well;
Yours is the better portion,
Among the Saints to dwell.
The mighty God of Jacob
Has chosen you to stand,
The first of all your kindred,
Upon the promis'd land.

And if you will be faithful
To do His righteous will,
You yet shall be a Savior
On Zion's holy hill:
And there the ties of nature
Will constitute a chain
To gather your connexion,
And form a noble train.

Then fear not persecution,
Nor any human ill;
All things will work together
God's purpose to fulfil.
This is a day of trial—
A day of sacrifice;
But up, through tribulation
The righteous will arise.

Then, maiden, O be humble,
And put your trust in God,

That you may dwell in safety
When judgments spread abroad.
O may the Holy Spirit
Dwell richly in your breast,
And guide you to inherit
The great celestial rest.

——o——

TO MRS. HAYWOOD.

Like the figures *incog.*, in a masquerade scene,
Are some spirits now dwelling on earth;
And we judge of them only by actions and mien,
Unappriz'd of all relative worth.

In the transforming mask of mortality clad,
Kings and princes and peasants appear;
All forgetting whatever acquaintance they had
In existence preceding this here.

When the *past* shall develop, the *future* unfold,
When the *present* its sequel shall tell—
When unmask'd we shall know, be beheld, and behold;
O how blest, if *incog. we've done well.*

ON THE DEATH

OF THE DEARLY BELOVED AND MUCH LAMENTED FATHER IN ISRAEL,

JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,

Patriarch over the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,

WHO DIED AT NAUVOO, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1840.

Zion's noblest Sons are weeping!
  See her daughters bath'd in tears,
Where the Patriarch is sleeping
  Nature's sleep, the sleep of years!
Hush'd is every note of gladness—
  Every minstrel bows full low,
Every heart is tun'd to sadness,
  Every bosom feels the blow.

Zion's children lov'd him dearly;
  Zion was his daily care:
That his loss is felt sincerely,
  Thousand weeping Saints declare:
Thousands who have shar'd his blessing—
  Thousands whom his service blest,
By his faith and prayers suppressing
  Evils which their lives oppress.

Faith and works divinely blended
Prov'd his steadfast heart sincere;
And the power of God attended
His official labors here:
Long he stemm'd the powers of darkness,
Like an anchor in the flood—
Like an oak amid the tempest,
Bold and fearlessly he stood.

Years have witness'd his devotions,
By the love of God inspir'd;
When his spirit's pure emotions
Were with holy ardor fir'd.
Oft he wept for suff'ring Zion—
All her sorrows were his own:
When she pass'd through grievous trials,
Her oppressions weigh'd him down.

Now he 's gone—we'd not recall him
From a paradise of bliss,
Where no evil can befall him,
To a changing world like this.
His lov'd name will never perish,
Or his memory crown the dust,
For the Saints of God will cherish
The remembrance of the just.

Faith's sweet voice of consolation
Soothes our grief. His spirit 's flown

Upward to a holier station—
  Nearer the celestial throne:
There to plead the cause of Zion
  In the Councils of the just—
In the Court the Saints rely on,
  Pending Causes to adjust.

Though his earthly part is sleeping
  Lowly 'neath the prairie sod,
Soon the grave will yield its keeping—
  Yield to life the man of God:
When the heavens and earth are shaken,
  When all things shall be restor'd,
When the trump of God shall waken
  Those that sleep in Christ the Lord.

ON THE DEATH

OF

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DON CARLOS SMITH,

WHO DIED AUGUST 7TH, 1841.

"Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain."

Th' insatiate archer, Death, once more
Has bath'd his shaft in human gore!
The pale-fac'd monarch's crimson'd bow
Once more has laid a good man low!

If tears of love could ever save
A noble victim from the grave;
If strong affection e'er had power
To rescue in the dying hour;
If kindred sympathy could hold
A jewel in its sacred fold;
If friendship could produce a charm
The heartless tyrant to disarm;
If wide acknowledg'd worth could be
A screen from mortal destiny;

If pure integrity of heart
Could baffle death's malignant dart;
If usefulness and noble zeal,
Devotedness to Zion's weal,
A conduct grac'd with purpos'd aim,
A reputation free from blame;
Could save a mortal from the tomb,
And stamp with an eternal bloom,
He never would have bow'd to death,
Or yielded up his mortal breath.

Ours is the sorrow, ours the loss!
For through the triumphs of the Cross,
His noble part, by death set free,
On wings of immortality,
Tracing the steps the Savior trod,
Has reach'd the Paradise of God.

There he rejoins the ransom'd choir;
There, there he hails his noble sire,
First Patriarch of these latter days,
Whose goodness memory loves to trace
With reverence, gratitude, and love:
He left us for the courts above.
There, with "the spirits of the just,"
Where Zion's welfare is discuss'd,
Once more their kindred spirits join,
Once more their efforts to combine
In Zion's cause. And shall we mourn
For those who have been upward borne?

And shall the "Legion's" sorrow flow
As though a Chieftain were laid low,
Who threw his frail escutcheons by
To join the Legions form'd on high?
Yes, mourn: the loss is great to earth—
A loss of high, exalted worth!

—o—

THE FUNERAL OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL DON CARLOS SMITH.

It was a Sabbath day. The morning came,
But came not with the usual joyousness
With which the consecrated day was wont,
In Nauvoo city, ever and anon,
To usher its broad radiance on a train
Of humble, cheerful worshippers. Nature
Seem'd conscious of the mournful knell
That broke upon the sadden'd heart of man!

The sun arose, muffl'd with clouds that hid
His own bright beams, and in effusions, soft
And gentle as the soothing, feeling tones
Of sorrow, dropt a sympathetic tear.
At length the clouds dispers'd, the sun pour'd forth
His glorious rays in brilliant majesty;
And I beheld upon the beauteous plain
That fronts the noble Mississippi's wave,
A mighty host—a powerful warrior band,
Whose rich escutcheons glitter'd in the sun.

I heard the sound of martial music, but
It came with solemn, slow, and mournful air,
Unlike the bold and thrilling notes that call
The restless warrior to the battle field.
There was no clash of arms, no din of war;
The sword was sheath'd, and every martial brow
Was mellow'd into sadness! Mounted high
Upon a fiery steed, a Chieftain sat
And issued the command; and then, anon,
In double file—in open columns form'd,
With Chieftains in the front—then horse and foot,
In solemn order, mov'd across the wide
Extended plain, the Nauvoo Legion. 'Twas
A splendid sight—a sight that would have charm'd
The eye of each beholder; but alas!
That grand display was the last honors paid
To the departed!
In the Legion's rear,

Still length'ning out the vast procession, walk'd
A crowd of citizens of every rank,
Of either sex ; and last of all, clos'd in
A long and glitt'ring train of carriages.

I gaz'd upon the grand procession, till
It disappear'd amid the dwellings which
Stand thickly cluster'd near the river's edge.
I listen'd ! All was still—the music notes
No longer sounded on the pensive breeze :
But hark ! the notes awaken'd, and I saw
The mighty host returning with the same
Slow, melancholy tread ! A hearse was borne
Along with solemn yet bold martial pomp,
That plainly signified a *mighty one*,
One of no ordinary rank, had fallen !

Near to the summit of an eminence,
Rising in bold relief, to dignify
The beauty of the verdant plain beneath :
In Nature's temple, with no other wall
Than the horizon, and no other arch
Than the broad canopy of heaven ; shaded
With clust'ring boughs, whose foliage waves around,
Is rais'd an altar to the living God.
There the procession march'd : it halted there,
And in the front of weeping relatives,
The hearse of him was plac'd, who *there* in life
Had been a fervent, constant worshipper.

His arms and armor on his coffin lay,
And other swords than his lay crossing there.
His brother Officers, who form'd with him
The noblest military staff our fair
Columbia has to boast, were seated by,
In shining armor clad: but ah! they seem'd
Divested of the martial haughtiness—
That warlike pride that fires the warrior's eye—
It lay conceal'd beneath the brow of grief.

The invocation and the sacred chant
Open'd the solemn service of the day;
And then the man of God arose.
In tones
Of truth's impassion'd eloquence, he spoke
Of the late sad occurrence, which had touch'd
The hearts of all, and universally
Was calling forth a "fellowship of grief"—
Each soldier mourn'd a General, each Saint
A brother, and each citizen a friend!
But when he came to paint the glories of
The world to come, wrapt in the visions of
Eternal truth, e'en grief itself bow'd down,
And the vast multitude, for once, forgot
To weep. And then he sweetly dwelt upon
The character of the deceas'd, without
A stain; his Christian life, that seem'd without
A blemish; and his military course,
A path of honor. Though he had not stood
Before the cannon's mouth—although he ne'er

Had been in battle's front, amid the rage
Of war and clash of arms ; and although now
He'd fallen according to the common course
Of Providence, and had not perish'd by
The sword ; he was no less a patriot—
He lov'd his country—he'd prepar'd himself,
By stepping high in military rank,
To do her service at her earliest call.
And then the chaplain spoke of him in the
Retir'd relations of domestic life.
There sat his aged, widow'd mother, whom
He'd honor'd with most filial sanctity—
To whom he'd been a constant solace in
Those scenes of persecution and distress
Which she had suffer'd for the Gospel's sake.
While as a brother he had ever prov'd
Firm as Gibraltar's rock—true unto death.
And then he came still nearer home, and touch'd
The finest fibre of the human heart ;
And spoke of her, the lonely widow of
The noble, fallen Chieftain—the bereft
Companion of his bosom, whom he'd lov'd
With faithful tenderness. Ah ! who can now
Enter the halo of her feelings—soothe her grief
For him who only could reciprocate
Her bosom's sympathies ? He, too, had been
A loving and indulgent father to
Her lovely weeping babes, left fatherless !
To soothe the bleeding heart, the speaker then
Spoke of the blest reunion that awaits

The faithful worshippers of the Most High.
Thus clos'd the man of God.
The service done,
Again the great procession form'd, and once
Again the bearers took the silent pall,
And bore it onward to the " narrow house !"

Then came the parting scenery, that clos'd
The service of the living to the dead.

Whether the olive branch, the cypress bough,
Or myrtle wreath, it matters not : 'twas given
As the last token of profound respect,
Emblem of friendship, of eternal life.
The " Legion " one by one deposited
Within the grave a green, unwither'd bough,
And passing onward, left the trophied urn !
A voice was heard slowly pronouncing, " *Earth*
To earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust—
Return this body to its mother earth ;"
While on the coffin fell the parted clod.

Beside the grave, the Legion's *playing* Band
Awoke Melodia's sweetest strain. A chord
Was touch'd that echoed music to the springs
Of life, and fell as soft upon the ear
As if seraphic harpers had come down
To charm the sleeper in his lowly rest.

The music ceas'd ; another chaplain's voice
With heavenly eloquence pour'd forth in prayer
To the Eternal God; responding pass'd
From heart to heart of the vast multitude,
The mourning concourse in the burial grove.
And there, beneath Time's monument—the oak,
Whose umbrage wav'd luxuriant to the breeze,
They left the shrouded, buried corse of one
Belov'd in life and "*honor'd in his death ;*"
Waiting the trump of God, to call it forth
To hail its own bright spirit from the skies !

TWILIGHT IMAGININGS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

FIRST—*Invocation of the Muse.*
SECOND—*Response of the Muse.*
THIRD—*Echo, addressing Friendship.*
FOURTH—*Friendship's Reply.*

PART FIRST.

Invocation of the Muse.

Slumb'ring Muse, can aught inspire thee
With Parnassus' fabl'd fire?
Aught with theme of song can fire thee,
Or attune thy unstrung lyre?

Is there aught can break thy slumbers—
Chase inertia from thy soul,
On thy harp bid attic numbers
In spontaneous currents roll?

While the twilight brown advances;
While the even-tide flows near;
While the stilly scene enhances
Recollection's widening sphere;

While yon peerless orb is shining
Dimly through night's gathering shade ;
While the dew-drops are refining
Plenteous nectar o'er the glade ;

While earth's care-worn sons, retiring,
Ponder o'er their loss and gain,
Happy only in acquiring,
And by losses measure pain ;

While gay Pleasure's children loiter,
Reckless of the hours of rest ;
While affliction's sons and daughters
Groan, with wretchedness opprest ;

While the city bustle ceases ;
While its lattice-glimmerings fade ;
While the nightly breeze increases
Music in the rural glade ;

While the scenery 's fondly aiding
Contemplation's latent power ;
While soft silence is pervading,
Like a charm, the Muses' bower ;

While the holiest thoughts invite thee,
Muse, awake a favorite strain :
Friendship's theme—can that delight thee ?
Say, was friendship made in vain ?

PART SECOND.

Response of the Muse.

I awake, I awake to the hallowed sound
When the name of Friendship is echoing round:
'Tis a genial sound that is wont to inspire
The sweetest notes of my earliest lyre;
For O, 'tis a treasure kindly given
To atone for the loss of an absent heaven:
And amid the perplexing scenes of earth,
'Tis a precious boon of eternal worth;
For oft has its music hush'd to rest
The lab'ring grief of the throbbing breast;
And oft its efficient skill will impart
A specific draught to the wounded heart.

'Tis a silken shackle that often binds
In unconscious fetters congenial minds,
And so nicely muffl'd that they only seem
Like a yielding wave of the limpid stream.

It was friendship too that boldly stood
In the upper seat of the court of God.
'Twas a cherub then, and they call'd it love,
For it brought the Messiah from above;
Who, mov'd by its impulse, mark'd the way
From this nether sphere to the realms of day,

That earth's degen'rate sons may rise
High, high o'er the acme that crowns our skies;
And, leaving ign'rance' shades behind,
Bask full in the blaze of Eternal Mind.

Yes, friendship 's a sacred, a holy thing,
Of which angel-minstrels love to sing;
And its potent unction benignly imparts
An extatic thrill to seraphic hearts.

But hark! sweet music salutes my ear!
Are the heavenly minstrels gathering near?
List, list to the strains of the choir from on high,
And catch the sweet echo that is passing by.

PART THIRD.

Echo, addressing Friendship.

Spirit of Love, O whither
Hast thou been wand'ring forth?
Say, dost thou find a resting-place
Among the sons of earth?
Amid the incongruities
Of that low fallen sphere,
Say, dost thou meet the fond embrace
That is thy birth-right here?

In that dark vale of sorrow—
  Of trouble, toil, and care,
Say, canst thou find a genial heart
  Thy blandishments to share?
Amid the deep perplexities
  With human life entwin'd,
Say, hast thou found a willing band,
  With thy soft chain to bind?

Amid the rude commotions,
  The tossings to and fro,
Say, canst thou find a sure abode
  In all the world below?
'Mid all its wild absurdities,
  Hast thou one laurel found—
One gem of magnanimity,
  To decorate thy crown?

PART FOURTH.

Friendship's Reply.

Fair sons of light, that little world
  To which I often roam,
Was from th' Eternal presence hurl'd,
  And is no more my home.

Yet many noble spirits there,
Are scatter'd up and down;
And many who, my wreath to wear,
Would yield a sceptred crown.

Some of a high celestial birth,
And heirs of endless day,
Who well appreciate my worth,
And proudly own my sway:

And while their brief existence fills,
Like brilliant stars they shine,
And rise superior to the ills
That round their path entwine.

While others spurn my proffer'd hand,
Extended but to bless,
And scorn the measures I command
To ease their wretchedness.

The warmth that from my vitals springs
For Adam's num'rous race,
Prompts me to spread my downy wings
Far from my native place.

For them I search'd the highest heaven,
And from His bosom brought
God's only Son, the ransom given,
Which man's redemption wrought;

That man hereafter may again
Possess the blest abode,
Where I forever shall remain
Amid the smiles of God.

—o—

ON THE DEATH OF ELDER LORENZO D. BARNES,

WHO DIED WHILE ON A MISSION TO ENGLAND.

Ah! has he gone? And did he die upon
A stranger land? Yes, far away from home.
He'd gone across the proud Atlantic's wave,
And left behind his kindred and his friends,
Bound by association's strongest spell,
Wrought in the sceneries of early youth.

Why did he go? The Gospel was his theme,
And with salvation's tidings on his tongue,
And with its genial influence in his heart;

He cross'd the ocean to extend the light
Of heavenly vision, which the servants of
The Lord, by recent revelation, as
In ancient days, had borne to distant climes.

A trans-Atlantic bard has sung his name
In sweetest strains: but yet a tribute waits
His mem'ry here—here in his native land,
Where men, by long acquaintance, prov'd his worth
To be like gems of never-fading hue,
That deck the wreath where friendship has his name
And character indelibly inscrib'd,
Where thousands who have known him will respond—
His is a mem'ry that will never die.

DEATH OF W. H. HARRISON,

President of the United States of America.

Now to his ashes, honor—peace be with him,
And choirs of angels sing him to his rest.

Why flows that strain of deep-ton'd sympathy?
Columbia mourns a great calamity!
What is that sorrow? 'Tis a country's grief:
Earth's favor'd nation mourns her highest chief,
Who, like the morning, only usher'd forth,
Then disappear'd, to shine no more on earth.

Our country's genius, ever wont to soar,
Has never bow'd to grief like this before:
'Tis true she mourn'd a fav'rite Washington,
Her first-born Chieftain; and a Madison,
Monroe, and Adams, and a Jefferson;
But their high offices were re-supplied—
They left the Halls of Congress ere they died:
They clos'd their services, and had retir'd,
And in retirement's soft repose expir'd.

But this bereavement comes with heavier tread,
And from the nation takes her *acting* head,

Whom a free people's suffrage plac'd on high
To guide her helm beneath a threat'ning sky:
Death aim'd an arrow at her highest trust,
And laid the choice of millions in the dust,
Spread wither'd hopes and palsied prospects round,
And into sorrow chang'd the festive sound!
Columbia's willows now are bending low,
Our country's tears in liberal torrents flow.

Weep, weep, Columbia, tears will grace thee now,
While grief lies heavy on thy aching brow;
Well may thy children now unite to spread
A wreath of sorrow o'er the Hero's head—
Unite to mourn our country's chieftain gone—
The honor'd, lov'd, lamented Harrison;
And bow submissive 'neath the chastening rod,
And humbly own the mighty hand of God.

Nauvoo, May, 1841.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR CARLIN.

Ofttimes beneath the banner spread
By Freedom's hand abroad,
We've seen oppression's murd'rous tread,
And felt its iron rod;
And therefore in the threat'ning hour
We claim from thee protection's power.

But who, ah! who can understand,
But those that chance to *feel*,
Why, in this free republic land,
We tender an appeal?
Alas! that threats should jeopardize
Those sacred rights that freemen prize.

A lady-suppliant was there,
And there prepar'd her plea—
Your Excellency heard her prayer
With cordiality;
And said, "Whatever may betide,
Our country's laws shall be your guide."

Your manner with much frankness grac'd,
Your converse rife with sense,

Could not commingle feelings bas'd
  Upon a false pretence—
Your gen'rous conduct *seem'd* the part
That 's prompted by an honest heart.

Full many jewels are misplac'd
  On what they ne'er adorn,
Full oft is friendship given to waste
  Without a due return :
It will not, cannot, sir, be thus
With what you've kindly proffer'd us.

The path of legal rectitude
  You purpose to pursue,
Will unto *us* with peace be strew'd,
  With honor unto *you ;*
And may Jehovah blessings shed
Of sacred worth upon your head.

And may your household too be blest :
  On your companion fair,
May rich abundant blessings rest,
  And on her tender care—
That flower that wakes your mutual pride—
The little prattler by her side.

Blest be your daughter ; in her face
  And her soft graceful air,
A happy union we could trace
  Of worth and beauty there—

A union haply made to form
A pleasing and enduring charm.

You to your children *may* bequeath
The art of *doing good;*
And win a never-fading wreath—
The wreath of Gratitude;
'Twill prove a gem to deck your name,
Above the price of gory fame.

Previously to the close of Governor Carlin's administration, the Author accompanied Mrs. Smith on a visit, the purport of which was to present a Petition, and solicit the protection of His Excellency for her husband, General J. Smith, and the inhabitants of Nauvoo. Soon after their return the foregoing Poem was written as a due expression of gratitude and respect. But his subsequent conduct proved his professions of friendship and assurances of protection to be false; for it appeared that at the time of the above-mentioned visit, he was secretly co-operating with Missouri against General Smith. Fortunately, his movements so soon proved the tribute unmerited, that the article was not published. We now insert it as a specimen of the double-dealing policy of the times.

RIOTS IN CONGRESS.

Hush! hush! lest the monarchs of Europe hear
The heart-sick'ning sound that salutes the ear!
For wherefore should haughty tyrants know
That republican dignity 's sinking low?

O, where have the noble spirits gone?
O, where is the glory our fathers won?
And where are the sages that used to feel
For the nation's honor, the nation's weal?

What! *Riots in Congress?* Can it be,
In a country renown'd for its liberty,
That the highest departments of State are rife
With low-minded jargon and boyish strife?

When the head is sick the whole heart is faint,
And a spreading disease must produce complaint:
There 's no wonder then at the public tone—
The head is disorder'd, the people groan.

Ah! "*Riots in Congress!*" Is it not
On our nation's escutcheon a deep, foul blot?
Yes, the standard of Freedom has been disgrac'd
With a dark-ting'd stain that cannot be eras'd!

Is there, who will attend to the people's cause?
Is there, who will administer rights and laws?
Men are fooling in Congress, while freemen roam
In their own native country, thrust from home!

Now, we've "*riots in Congress;*" not only there,
But riots are spreading everywhere;
And the Union soon will be made to know
That her sanction of mobbing has brought her low.

O, where have the shades of our fathers gone?
O, where is the spirit of Washington?
Is this the proud climax of Liberty?
And are these the rich blessings of being free?

NAUVOO, MAY, 1844.

THE KIDNAPPING OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOSEPH SMITH,

ON THE 23RD OF JUNE, 1842,

By Reynolds, the Sheriff of Jackson County, Mo., and Wilson, of Carthage, Hancock County, Ill.

Like blood-hounds fiercely prowling,
With pistols ready drawn,
With oaths like tempests howling,
These kidnappers came on.

He bared his breast before them;
But as they hurried near,
A fearfulness came o'er them—
It was the coward's fear.

Well might their dark souls wither
When he their courage dared—
Their pity fled, O whither,
When he his bosom bared?

"Death has to me no terrors,"
He said, "I hate a life
So subject to the horrors
Of your ungodly strife.

"What means your savage conduct?
Have you a lawful Writ?
To any LEGAL process
I cheerfully submit."

"Here," said these lawless ruffians,
"Is our authority;"
And drew their pistols nearer,
With rude ferocity.

With more than savage wildness—
Like hungry beasts of prey,
They bore, in all his mildness,
The man of God away!

With brutish haste they tore him
From her he loves so well;
And far away they bore him,
With scarce the word farewell.

Their hearts are seats where blindness
O'er foul corruption reigns,
The milk of human kindness
Flows not within their veins.

Their conduct was unworthy
The meanest race of men:
'Twould better fit the tiger
Emerging from its den.

Missouri, O Missouri,
You thus prolong your shame,
By sending such as Reynolds
Abroad to bear your name.

Could Jackson County furnish
No tamer thing than he?
Must legal office burnish
Such wild barbarity?

Go search the rudest forests,
The panther and the bear
As well would grace your suffrage—
As well *deserve* a share.

Then might the heartless Wilson,
Thy shame, O Illinois!
Become confed'rate with them,
And teach them to destroy.

So much ferocious nature
Should join the brutish clan;
And not disgrace the features
That claim to be of man.

But hear it, O Missouri,
Once more the Prophet 's free—
Your ill-directed fury
Brings forth a jubilee.

JUBILEE SONG,

Sung at a Feast given by General Smith and Lady to a party of friends, in commemoration of his triumphant release from his enemies.

That deed, that time, we celebrate,
Most dear to Liberty,
When the Official powers of State
Pronounc'd the Prophet free.

Chorus.

When foul oppression's hand was stay'd,
A feast of Liberty
The Prophet and his Lady made
To crown the Jubilee.

'Twas *once* no subject, theme of song,
For righteous men to gain
Those rights that legally belong
To every honest swain.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

But now our fed'ral Court has done
A deed deserving praise.
There's something "new beneath the sun"
In these the latter days.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

Though freedom weeps o'er many a blot,
Still here she lifts her spires ;
And here has champions who are not
Unworthy of their sires.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

Protection's wreath again may bloom,
Renew'd by Thomas Ford,
Which under Carlin had become
Like Jonah's wither'd gourd.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

Like Freedom's true and genuine son,
Oppression to destroy,
His Excellency has begun
To govern Illinois.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

That justice in our righteous cause
By those that stand in power,
Does honor to our country's laws,
In this degen'rate hour.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

And while we give our feelings scope,
And gratitude award
To Edwards, Butterfield, and Pope,
We'll not forget the Lord.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

The Lord, who guides His Prophet's cause,
Inspir'd those rulers' minds
To execute those *equal laws*,
And break the chain that binds.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

Elijah's God—we'll praise His name,
And own His mighty hand,
Who brings His people's foes to shame
In this republic land.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

Though wicked men should rage and scoff,
Though earth and hell oppose,
The Lord will bear His Prophet off
Triumphant o'er his foes.
Chorus—When foul oppression's, &c.

TO HE KNOWS WHO.

You have found a seclusion, a lone solitude,
Where your foes cannot find you, where friends
can't intrude;
In its beauty and wildness, by nature design'd
A retreat from the tumult of all human kind;
And estrang'd from society—how do you fare?
May the God of our forefathers comfort you there.

It is hard to be exil'd, but be of good cheer;
You are destin'd to triumph! Then, like a chas'd
deer,
Hide yourself in the forest, secure from the blast,
Awhile, till the storm of their fury is past,
For your foes are pursuing and hunting you still—
May the God of our forefathers screen you from ill.

YOUR PORTRAIT.

You have left us your portrait, a product of art:
'Tis a specimen neatly refin'd;
But 'tis only a picture, for where is the heart?
And O where that rich jewel, the mind?

It is only a picture, for where is the speech,
That most noble conductor of thought,
With which you are gifted the nations to teach,
And through which we delight to be taught?

While we look at your portrait and see it inclos'd
In its frame, like a prisoner bound,
We reflect—its original thus is expos'd
To the bondage of foes all around.

O how strange, in this boasted republican land,
Where all claim to be happy and free,
That a Prophet of God is forbidden to stand,
And is forc'd like a culprit to flee!

'Tis a sad "restitution," but "all things" must come;
It was thus with the Prophets of old.
But though you are absent and far from your home,
Here 's your portrait your friends may behold.

CITY OF NAUVOO, AUGUST, 1842.

SUPPLICATION.

O God, thou God that rules on high,
Bow down thine ear to me:
Listen, O listen to my cry—
O hear my fervent plea.

Rebuke the heartless, wicked clan
That seek thy servant's harm:
Protect him from the power of man,
By thy Almighty arm.

Let unseen watchmen wait around
To shield thy servant's head:
Let all his enemies be found
Caught in the net they spread.

Thy grace, like morning dews distill'd,
To all his needs apply;
And let his upright heart be fill'd
With comfort from on high.

The work is thine—thy promise sure,
Though earth and hell oppose:
Roll, roll it on, but O, secure
Thy Prophet from his foes.

O hide him in thy secret hold,
When on his path they tread,
Safe as Elijah, who of old
Was by the ravens fed.

Bring our accusers' deeds to light,
And give thy people rest—
Eternal God, gird on thy might
And succour the opprest.

———o———

TO THE SAINTS.

Awake! ye Saints of God, awake!
Call on the Lord in mighty prayer,
That He will Zion's bondage break,
And bring to naught the fowler's snare.

He will regard His people's cry—
The widow's tear, the orphan's moan;
The blood of those that slaughter'd lie,
Pleads not in vain before His throne.

Though Zion's foes have counsell'd deep,
Although they bind with fetters strong;
The God of Jacob does not sleep—
His vengeance will not slumber long.

Then let your souls be stay'd on God:
A glorious scene is drawing nigh:
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm though fierce will soon pass by.

With constant faith and fervent prayer,
With deep humility of soul,
With steadfast mind and heart prepare
To see th' Eternal purpose roll.

Our God in judgment will come near,
His mighty arm He will make bare:
For Zion's sake He will appear:
Then, O ye Saints, awake! prepare!

Awake to union and be one,
"Or," saith the Lord, "you are not mine:"
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the Saints in union join.

TO MRS. L.

OBITUARY.

Earthly happiness is fleeting—
  Earthly prospects quickly fade—
Oft the heart with pleasure beating
  Is to bitterness betray'd!

Scenes of sorrow most distressing—
  Scenes that fill the heart with pain,
Often yield the choicest blessing:
  Present loss is future gain.

In the darkest dispensation
  O remember God is just:
'Tis the richest consolation
  In His faithfulness to trust.

Let the heart opprest with sorrow,
  Let the bosom fill'd with grief,
Let the wounded spirit borrow
  From His promise kind relief.

When affliction's surge comes o'er you,
  Look beyond the dark'ning wave:
See a brighter scene before you;
  Hail the triumph o'er the grave!

Though your lovely child is taken
From your bosom to the urn,
Soon the sleeping dust will waken,
And the spirit will return.

Yes, again you will behold it,
Fairer than the morning ray ;
In your arms you will enfold it,
Where all tears are wip'd away.

——o——

CELESTIAL GLORY.

The trials of the present day
Require the Saints to watch and pray,
That they may keep the narrow way
To the Celestial glory.

For even Saints may turn aside
Through fear of ills that may betide ;
Or else, induc'd by worldly pride,
And lose Celestial glory.

O'er rugged cliffs and mountains high,
Through sunless vales, the path may lie,
Our faith and confidence to try
In the Celestial glory.

We need not fear though cowards say
Old Anak's hosts in ambush lay,
Or there 's a lion in the way
To the Celestial glory.

Fear not though life should be at stake,
But think how Jesus for our sake
Endur'd, that we might yet partake
Of the Celestial glory.

We here may sometimes suffer wrong:
But when we join with Enoch's throng
We'll loudly echo vict'ry's song
In the Celestial glory.

What though by some who seem devout,
Our names, as evil, are cast out,
If honor clothe us round about
In the Celestial glory!

Be steadfast, then—with courage hold
The key of God's eternal mould,
That will the mysteries unfold
Of the Celestial glory.

And let our hearts and hands be pure,
That we may faithfully endure,
And all the blessings may secure
Of the Celestial glory.

With patience cultivate within,
All principles averse to sin ;
And be prepar'd to enter in
To the Celestial glory.

Then let the times and seasons fly,
And bring the glorious period nigh
When Zion will arise on high,
In the Celestial glory.

THE ASSASSINATION

OF

GENERALS JOSEPH SMITH AND HYRUM SMITH,

First Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,

WHO WERE MASSACRED BY A MOB, IN CARTHAGE, HANCOCK COUNTY, ILL., ON THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1844.

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.—*Rev.* vi, 9, 10, 11.

Ye heavens, attend! Let all the earth give ear!
Let Gods and seraphs, men and angels hear:
The worlds on high—the Universe, shall know
What awful scenes are acted here below!
Had nature's self a heart, her heart would bleed
At the recital of so foul a deed;

For never, since the Son of God was slain,
Has blood so noble flow'd from human vein,
As that which now on God for vengeance calls
From "freedom's" ground—from Carthage prison walls!

Oh, Illinois! thy soil has drunk the blood
Of Prophets, martyr'd for the truth of God.
Once-lov'd America! what can atone
For the pure blood of innocence thou 'st sown?
Were all thy streams in teary torrents shed
To mourn the fate of those illustrious dead,
How vain the tribute for the noblest worth
That grac'd thy surface, O degraded earth!

Oh, wretched murd'rers, fierce for human blood!
You've slain the Prophets of the living God,
Who've borne oppression from their early youth,
To plant on earth the principles of truth.

Shades of our patriot fathers! can it be,
Beneath your blood-stain'd flag of Liberty,
The firm supporters of our country's cause
Are butcher'd while submissive to her laws?
Yes, blameless men, defam'd by hellish lies,
Have thus been offer'd as a sacrifice,
T' appease the ragings of a brutish clan,
That has defied the laws of God and man!
'Twas not for crime or guilt of theirs they fell:
Against the laws they never did rebel.

True to their country, yet her plighted faith
Has prov'd an instrument of cruel death!

Great men have fallen, mighty men have died—
Nations have mourn'd their fav'rites and their pride;
But TWO so wise, so virtuous, and so good,
Before, on earth, at once, have never stood
Since the creation—men whom God ordain'd
To publish truth where error long had reign'd;
Of whom the world itself unworthy prov'd:
It KNEW THEM NOT; but men with hatred mov'd,
And with infernal spirits, have combin'd
Against the best, the noblest of mankind!

Oh, persecution! shall thy purple hand
Spread utter desolation through the land?
Shall Freedom's banner be no more unfurl'd?
Has peace indeed been taken from the world?

Thou God of Jacob, in this trying hour
Help us to trust in thy Almighty power—
Support thy Saints beneath this awful stroke,
Make bare thine arm to break oppression's yoke.
We mourn thy Prophet, from whose lips have flow'd
The words of life thy Spirit has bestow'd—
A depth of thought no human art could reach,
From time to time roll'd in sublimest speech,
From thy celestial fountain, through his mind,
To purify and elevate mankind:

The rich intelligence by him brought forth
Is like the sunbeam spreading o'er the earth.

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head:
Her Prophet and her Patriarch are dead!
The blackest deed that men and devils know
Since Calv'ry's scene, has laid the brothers low!
One while in life, and *one* in death, they prov'd
How strong their friendship—how they truly lov'd:
True to their mission until death they stood,
Then seal'd their testimony with their blood.
All hearts with sorrow bleed, and every eye
Is bath'd in tears, each bosom heaves a sigh,
Heart-broken widows' agonizing groans
Are mingled with the helpless orphans' moans!

Ye Saints! be still, and know that God is just—
With steadfast purpose in His promise trust:
Girded with sackcloth, own His mighty hand,
And wait His judgments on this guilty land!
The noble Martyrs now have gone to move
The cause of Zion in the Courts above.

Nauvoo, July 1, 1844.

LET US GO.

Let us go, let us go to the ends of the earth—
Let us go far away from the land of our birth;
For the Banner of Freedom no longer will wave
O'er the patriots' tomb—o'er the dust of the brave.

Let us go, let us go from a country of strife,
From a land where the wicked are seeking our life,
From a country where justice no longer remains,
From which virtue is fled—where iniquity reigns.

Let us go, let us go from a government where
Our just rights of protection we never can share—
Where the soil we have purchas'd we cannot enjoy
Till the time when "the waster goes forth to destroy."

Let us go, let us go to the wilds for a home,
Where the wolf and the deer and the buffalo roam,
Where the life-inspir'd "Eagle" in liberty flies,
Where the mountains of Israel in majesty rise.

Let us go, let us go to a country whose soil
Can be made to produce wine, milk, honey, and oil;
Where beneath our own vines we may sit and enjoy
The rich fruit of our labors, and naught will destroy.

Let us go, let us go where our rights are secure,
Where the waters are clear and the atmosphere pure,
Where the hand of oppression has never been felt,
Where the blood of the Prophets has never been spilt.

Let us go, let us go where the kingdom of God
Will be seen in its order extending abroad—
Where the Priesthood again will exhibit its worth
In the regeneration of man and of earth.

Let us go, let us go to the far western shore,
Where the blood-thirsty "Christians" will hunt us no more;
Where the waves of the ocean will echo the sound,
And the shout of salvation extend the world round.

THE LORD IS MY TRUST.

Thou that didst create the heavens and the earth, the seas and the fountains of water, thou art my God.

Thou art the same—thou changest not, therefore I

will not fear; for thy word will endure, and thy promises will surely be verified.

In thee have I put my trust; and I know in whom I have confided, and I shall not be confounded.

Though difficulties rise before me higher than the Himmaleh mountains, I will go forward; for thou, Lord, wilt open the way before me, and make straight paths for my feet.

When the billows of Change encompass me—when its surges dash furiously, and the foam thereof is nigh unto overwhelming, thy power will sustain me: I will smile at the rage of the tempest, and ride fearlessly and triumphantly across the boisterous ocean of circumstance.

Thy Spirit is better than the juice of the grape, thy approbation is preferable to the smiles of earthly friends, thy favor is richer than the finest gold, and thy wisdom transcendeth all human understanding.

Thy power is supreme, thy plans are founded in wisdom, thou wilt perform thy purposes and none can prevent.

The principles of thy kingdom are principles of truth, and truth is everlasting as thyself, therefore thy kingdom will stand, and those that abide its laws will come up before thee to dwell in thy presence.

I will adhere to thy statutes, I will abide the New and Everlasting Covenant, not counting my life dear unto me.

When the clouds of uncertainty gather upon the horizon, darker than the shades of midnight, when distrust is raising its standard over the broad field of expectation,

thy word will dissipate every obstruction, and the "*testimony of Jesus*" will light up a lamp that will guide my vision through the portals of immortality, and communicate to my understanding the glories of the Celestial kingdom.

—o—

THE BEREAVED WIFE.

I knew her ere she had been left
In her heart's loneliness—
Before her prospects were bereft
Of all of happiness.

She then was smiling as the bow
That gilds the circling heaven,
As placid as the moonlight flow
Upon the crest of even'.

By *him* protected—by *his* side,
She felt secure from harm:
She fear'd no ill that could betide,
While leaning on his arm.

But change came o'er, with misty brow.
And strew'd her path with gloom:
Her hopes that shone so brightly, now
Lie shrouded in the tomb!

I've seen the willow bending low,
And 'tis unbroken still;
I've seen the budded lily bow,
And yet its colors fill.

Her heart, almost by grief despoil'd,
Felt a returning joy
While gazing on her infant child,
Her sweetly smiling boy.

"Smile on, my babe, smile on, 'tis well
Indeed thou dost not know
Thy early loss—thy grief would swell
Thy mother's cup of woe.

"But ah! since you are fatherless,
I must my tears resign—
My selfish grief I must suppress,
And seek my weal in thine.

"I'll nerve my heart, and throw away
My weak and idle fears;
And in life's rough and stormy way
Protect thy tender years.

"I will suppress each rising sigh,
Each starting tear recall:
We're still secure beneath His eye
Who 'marks the sparrow's fall.'"

She said; and, like a fragrant flower,
Low bending in the storm,
Now spreads throughout her lonely bower
A sweet, supernal charm.

EDEN.

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed."

Primeval beauty, in primeval bloom,
Glow'd in the scenery, flowing with perfume;
Sweet spicy gales in gentle currents flow'd
Through Eden's garden, form'd for man's abode:

Music, sweet music, fill'd the ambient air;
Melodious songsters chim'd rich anthems there;
Order and concord, harmony and love
Smil'd o'er the earth and through the air above.
The earth produc'd without corroding toil—
The mountains flow'd with honey, wine, and oil.
No deadly gas, no earthquake shook the ground;
No fierce, terrific tempest howl'd around.
Peace, smiling peace, swept over earth's domain,
Breathing soft whispers in a constant strain:
No wolf or tiger prowl'd in quest of blood—
The tender herbage form'd their daily food;
And bears and lions in those halcyon days
With bleating flocks and loving herds could graze.
No thorns or briars then obscur'd the ground;
No pois'nous reptile then was coiling round;
No noxious plant t' infect the balmy breeze
With foul effluvia, laden with disease.
Pure was each fountain, and each streamlet pure;
Man's health was perfect and his life secure:
Lord of the earth, he rul'd from pole to pole—
The brutal species bow'd to his control.

Was man alone? No: smiling by his side,
With form angelic, mov'd his faultless bride.
Love, sacred love, their hearts together drew,
Like blending drops of summer morning dew.
Sweet their employment, midst the blooming flowers,
The fragrant arbors, and the golden bowers:

So near allied to beings o'er the sky,
Their minds were holy—every thought was high:
The stream of knowledge then was pure and broad,
For man held converse with th' Eternal God.

—o—

ADDRESS TO EARTH.

Thou, Earth, wast once a glorious sphere
Of noble magnitude,
And didst with majesty appear
Among the worlds of God:

But thy dimensions have been torn
Asunder, piece by piece,
And each dismember'd fragment borne
Abroad to distant space.

When Enoch could no longer stay
Amid corruption here,
Part of thyself was borne away
To form another sphere:

That portion where his City stood
He gain'd by right approv'd ;
And nearer to the throne of God
His planet upward mov'd.

And when the Lord saw fit to hide
The "*ten lost tribes*" away,
Thou, earth, wast sever'd to provide
The orb on which they stay.

And thus, from time to time, thy size
Has been diminished, till
Thou seemst the law of sacrifice
Created to fulfil.

The curse of God on man was plac'd ;
That curse thou didst partake,
And thou hast been by turns disgrac'd
And honor'd for his sake.

The vilest wretches hell will claim,
Now breathe thy atmosphere ;
The noblest spirits heaven can name,
Have been embodied here.

Jesus, the Lord, thy surface grac'd ;
He fell a sacrifice !
And now within thy cold embrace
The martyr'd Joseph lies !

When Satan's hosts are overcome,
The martyr'd, princely race
Will claim thee their celestial home—
The royal dwelling place.

A "restitution" yet must come,
That will to thee restore,
By the grand law of worlds, thy sum
Of matter heretofore.

And thou, O Earth, wilt leave the track
Thou hast been doom'd to trace—
The Gods with shouts will bring thee back
To fill thy native place.

TO PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

A responsible station is surely thine,
And the weight of your calling can none define;
Being call'd of the Lord o'er the Twelve to preside,
And with them o'er the Church and the world beside.

Like Elisha of old, when Elijah fled
In a chariot of fire, you have lost your head!
Lost your head? O no: you are left to prove
To the Gods your integrity, faith, and love.

You have gain'd, like Elisha, a rich behest.
For the mantle of Joseph seems to rest
Upon you, while the Spirit and power divine
That inspir'd his heart are inspiring thine.

The great work which he laid the foundation to,
Is unfinish'd, and resting on you to do;
While your brethren, the Twelve, bear the kingdom
forth
To the distant nations upon the earth.

Kings, princes, and nobles will honor thee,
And thy name will be great on the isles of the sea;
And the light of intelligence you will spread
Will ennoble the living and exalt the dead.

The great Spirit of Truth will direct your ways;
Generations to come will repeat your praise:
When your work on earth is accomplish'd, you'll stand
In your station appointed at God's right hand.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

One of the Twelve Apostles.

Thou Chieftain in Zion! henceforward your name
Will be class'd with the martyrs, and share in their fame:
Through ages eternal, of you will be said,
"*With the greatest of Prophets he suffer'd and bled.*"

When the shafts of injustice were pointed at *him*,
When the cup of his suff'ring was fill'd to the brim,
When his innocent blood was inhumanly shed,
You shar'd his afflictions and with him you *bled*.

When around you, like hailstones, the rifle balls flew,
When the passage of death open'd wide to your view,
When the Prophet's freed spirit through martyrdom fled,
In your gore you lay welt'ring—with martyrs you *bled*.

All the *scars* from your *wounds*, like the trophies of yore,
Shall be ensigns of honor, till you are no more;
And by all generations, of you shall be said,
"*With the best of the Prophets in prison he bled.*"

JULY, 1844.

THE VENERABLE MRS. LUCY SMITH.

The aged, venerated, much-belov'd
Mother in Zion, and the mother of
The greatest men this generation had
To boast. One, only one, of all her sons
Survives—the others sleep the sleep of death!
The great anointed Seer and Prophet she
Has nurs'd upon her bosom and has watch'd
In helpless, cradled infancy. Her heart
With deep solicitude had often yearn'd
Over his tender childhood, ere the God
Of heaven reveal'd the glorious purpose which
'Twas pre-determin'd in the courts above
Should be accomplish'd in the present age.
But when she realiz'd that God had call'd
Him, in his youth and inexperience, to
Re-introduce the "ancient order," and
Confront the prejudices of the world,
The throbbings of her breast none can describe:
And she can tell a tale that none besides
Can tell.
She 's suffer'd much, and much she has
Enjoy'd. I oft have sat beside her and
Have listen'd with sweet admiration to
Her strains of heavenly eloquence, while she

Describ'd the glories that are soon to be
Reveal'd.
She's witness'd change succeeding change
Roll up the tide of revolution, till
Its heaving waves accumulating seem
About to burst and overwhelm the world!
The standard of our country she has seen
Rising in glorious majesty, and wave
Its fam'd, unrivall'd banner gracefully,
Till other hands than those that rear'd it, sapp'd
Its broad foundation, and its ensign marr'd!
Tott'ring and tremulous, it now appears
Ready to fall, and in its fall to make
The most tremendous crash the civil world
Has ever known!
She 's seen the Church of God
Start into being, and extend itself
From shore to shore, and plant its footsteps on
The islands of the sea.
She once beheld
Her own dear husband dragg'd to prison, while
With tears and supplicating words she plead
His innocence, and begg'd for his release.
"Commit the Book of Mormon to the flames,"
Replied the officer of Justice, "and
Your husband shall be liberated." But
Her noble spirit scorn'd to purchase his
Release on terms so base—at such a price!
She lov'd the truth, and fear'd the God of heaven.
She 's seen her children driven from place to place,

And hunted like the mountain deer. She 's stood
Beside the death-bed of her noble lord,
Who, ere the lamp of life became extinct,
Like ancient Jacob, call'd his children round,
And bless'd them one by one.
I knew him well,
For he was Zion's first great Patriarch ;
And from his lips I've felt the sacred power
Of blessing on my head. But he has gone,
And she in lonely widowhood remains !
She 's follow'd to the grave five noble sons !
She stood beside the bleeding forms of those
Great brother-martyrs of the latter-day.
Ah ! think of her, ye tender mothers, when
Her feeble, tott'ring frame, that bow'd beneath
The weight of years and life's infirmities,
Accumulated by the toils and cares,
Anxieties and oft heart-rending griefs,
Stood o'er her murder'd sons ! She laid her hand
Upon their marble foreheads, while the blood
Was freely gushing from their purple wounds !
And yet she lives, and yet bears witness to
The truth for which they fell a sacrifice.
Yes, venerable Lady, thou shalt live
While life to thee shall be a blessing. Thou
Art dear to every faithful Saint. Thousands
Already bless thee, millions yet to come
Will venerate thy name and speak thy praise.

City of Joseph, May, 1845.

CAMP OF ISRAEL.

No. 1.

Written after leaving the City of Nauvoo.

Although in woods and tents we dwell,
Shout! shout! O Camp of Israel;
No *Christian mobs* on earth can bind
Our thoughts, or steal our peace of mind.

Chorus.

Though we fly from vile aggression,
We'll maintain our pure profession,
Seek a peaceable possession,
Far from Gentiles and oppression.

We'd better live in tents and smoke
Than wear the cursed Gentile yoke,
We'd better from our country fly
Than by mobocracy to die.
Chorus—Though we fly, &c.

We've left the City of Nauvoo,
And our beloved Temple too;

And to the wilderness we go
Amid the winter frosts and snow.
Chorus—Though we fly, &c.

Our homes were dear—we lov'd them well—
Beneath our roofs we fain would dwell;
And honor the great God's commands,
By mutual rights of Christian lands.
Chorus—Though we fly, &c.

Our persecutors will not cease
Their murd'rous spoiling of our peace,
And have decreed that we shall go
To wilds where reeds and rushes grow.
Chorus—Though we fly, &c.

The Camp, the Camp—its numbers swell—
Shout! shout! O Camp of Israel!
The King, the Lord of Hosts is near,
His armies guard our front and rear.
Chorus—Though we fly, &c.

West Side of the Mississippi,
Feb. 19th, 1846.

CAMP OF ISRAEL.

No. 2.

Written on leaving our first Encampment, after crossing the Mississippi River.

Lo! a mighty host of Jacob,
Tented on the western shore
Of the noble Mississippi,
Which they had been crossing o'er.
At the last day-dawn of winter,
Bound with frost and wrapp'd in snow;
Hark! the cry is, "Onward! onward!
Camp of Israel! rise and go."

All at once is life and motion—
Trunks and beds and baggage fly;
Oxen yok'd, and horses harness'd,
Tents roll'd up and passing by:
Soon the carriage wheels are moving
Onward to a woodland dell,
Where at sunset all are quarter'd—
Camp of Israel! all is well.

Thickly round the tents are cluster'd;
Neighb'ring smokes together blend;

Supper serv'd, the hymns are chanted
And the evening prayers ascend.
Last of all, the guards are station'd—
Heavens! must guards be serving here?
Who would harm the houseless exiles?
Camp of Israel! never fear.

Where is freedom? Where is justice?
Both have from this nation fled;
And the blood of martyr'd Prophets
Must be answer'd on its head!
Therefore, to your tents, O Jacob!
Like our father Abra'm dwell:
God will execute His purpose—
Camp of Israel! all is well.

March 1st, 1846.

IN ALL THINGS REJOICE.

O, ye toss'd to and fro, and afflicted!
Rejoice in the hope of your lot;
For you're truly the children of Israel,
But the Gentiles know it not;
And it matters not when or whither
You go, neither whom among;
Only so that you closely follow
Your leader, Brigham Young.

Let the spirit of peace and union,
And the practice of righteousness,
Be your prominent characteristics
As you go to the wilderness:
And the blessings of heaven will attend you
Both in time and eternity,
If you strictly adhere to the counsel
Of Brigham and Heber C.

The Spirit and power of Jehovah
Will be guiding your feet along;
For the angels of God are with you—
They mingle in Israel's throng.
In sunshine, in storms, and in tempests—
In all changes, console yourselves,
That your sharers in sorrow and joy are
Brigham, Heber, and all the Twelve.

TO THE WRITERS OF FICTION.

O, why indulge the gifted pen
To float through fiction's fairy field—
To chant the deeds of fabled men,
And weave the garland phantoms yield?

Truth has gay arbors crown'd with love,
Broad fields where pleasure gambols free,
And deeps where shrouded spirits move,
And heights of folded mystery.

And there are pearls of dazzling hue
In wisdom's deep, unfathom'd sea;
Fair gems the paths of virtue strew,
Surpassing those of mimicry.

And *real life* has rich romance
Which fancy's touch cannot enhance;
And sad existence often swells
The tragic tales that fiction tells.

Shall the bright sun of reason fade
And sink in fancy's mystic shade?
Shall bold realities retire
Before imagination's fire?

Or shall a lofty genius bow
To twine around its noble brow
A garland from inferior soil;
When half the culture—half the toil,
If spent in truth's luxuriant field,
Would rich, unfading laurels yield,
Would reap celestial diadems,
Emblazon'd with immortal gems?

Ye favor'd ones, who sit beneath
The glorious Gospel's heavenly sound;
Crave not the pebbles on the heath,
Pluck not the shrubs of barren ground.

Waste not the gifts that God has given
To you, on things beneath your care;
But let your genius soar to heaven
And bask in beams of glory there.

LINES

Written on the Birth of the Infant Son of Mrs. Emma, Widow of the late General Joseph Smith.

Sinless as celestial spirits,
  Lovely as a morning flower,
Comes the smiling infant stranger
  In an evil-omen'd hour ;

In an hour of lamentation—
  In a time—a season when
Zion's noblest sons are fallen
  By the hands of wicked men ;

In an hour when peace and safety
  Have the civil banner fled—
In a day when legal justice
  Covers its dishonor'd head ;

In an age when Saints must suffer
  Without mercy or redress—
Comes to meet a generation
  That has made it fatherless.

Not to share a father's fondness—
  Not to know its father's worth :

By the arm of persecution,
'Tis an orphan at its birth!

Smile, sweet babe, thou art unconscious
Of thy great, untimely loss!
The broad stroke of thy bereavement
Zion's pathway seem'd to cross!

Till in childhood thou hadst known him,
Had the age thy father spar'd,
The endearment of remembrance
Through thy lifetime thou hadst shar'd.

Thou mayst draw from love and kindness,
All a mother can bestow;
But, alas! on earth a father
Thou art destin'd not to know!

Nauvoo, Nov. 24th, 1844.

A JOURNEYING SONG

FOR

THE PIONEERS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

DEDICATED TO PRESIDENT B. YOUNG.

The time of winter now is o'er—
There's verdure on the plain:
We leave our shelt'ring roofs once more,
And to our tents again.

Chorus.

Thou Camp of Israel, onward move;
O Jacob, rise and sing;
Ye Saints, the world's salvation prove—
All hail to Zion's King.

We go to choice and goodly lands,
With rich and fertile soil,
That by the labor of our hands
Will yield us wine and oil.
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We go beside the mountain cliffs,
  Where purest waters flow—
Where nature will her precious gifts
  Abundantly bestow.
    Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We'll find a climate pure and free,
  Producing life and health,
Where steady care and industry
  Will prove a source of wealth.
    Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

And there, again we will surround
  In peace the luscious board;
And share the products of the ground,
  With skill and prudence stor'd.
    Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We leave the mobbing Gentile race,
  Who thirst to shed our blood;
To rest in Jacob's hiding place,
  Where Nephite Temples stood.
    Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We seek a land where truth will reign,
  And innocence be free;
Where lawful rights will be maintain'd—
  A land of Liberty.
    Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We seek a land of holiness,
Where justice to the line,
And to the plummet righteousness,
Will every work define.
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We go where virtue will be known,
And merit meet its due ;
For Zion's pathway will be strown
With light and glory too.
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We go where hypocrites will fear,
And tremble at the word
Of him who is appointed here
To wield the " two-edg'd sword."
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We'll find the land the Prophet saw
In vision, when he said,
" There, there will the celestial law
Be given and obey'd."
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We go where nations yet will come
In ships, from climes abroad,
To seek protection and a home,
And worship Israel's God.
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

We'll build in peace and safety there
A City to the Lord ;
And shout amid our toils to share
A Latter-day's reward !
Chorus—Thou Camp of Israel, &c.

WINTER QUARTERS, APRIL 10, 1847.

THE TWELVE.

They have gone, they have gone, new privations to share,
Gone as Abraham went when he knew not where ;
They have gone like the deer when pursued in the chase,
To secure for the Saints a safe hiding-place.

Why, O why must they go to the depth of the wild,
Where Cultivation for centuries has not smil'd ?

Wherefore thus on a pilgrimage must they go forth
And forsake all the comforts and blessings of earth?

They are call'd to be saviors; and saviors must flee
To a wilderness home for security,
While the anger of nations is raging abroad,
While the Gentiles are feeling the judgments of God.

They have gone, they have gone: may the Spirit's sweet voice
Whisper comfort and peace, that their hearts may rejoice:
May an angel of presence on each one attend,
To protect from all ill, and preserve to the end.

And when God directs, may they retrace their track,
And to these Winter Quarters in safety come back;
That the Saints who tarry may be of good cheer,
And with heart-felt rejoicings, welcome them here.

WINTER QUARTERS, APRIL 14, 1847.

TO THE VENERABLE PATRIARCH JOHN SMITH.

Great glory awaits thee, thou father in Israel,
To reward all thy toils and thy labors of love:
The angels that guard thee, that watch o'er thy pathway,
Are proud to report thee in councils above.
The pathway that leads to the mansions of glory,
Where freedom and justice eternally reign,
The Lord God of Jacob has mark'd for thy footsteps,
To bring thee to dwell in His presence again.

I have oft felt the power of thy blessings upon me;
And my heart feels to bless thee, thou servant of God,
And say thou 'lt be hid in the chambers of Israel,
While the great indignation is raging abroad;
For He that appointed the times and the seasons,
Allotted thy calling and work on the earth;
And here, in His sight, will thy life be held precious
Until thou hast fulfill'd the design of thy birth.

Thou art greatly belov'd by the Saints that surround thee,
They 've shar'd in thy blessings and greatly rejoice;
The power of the Priesthood is felt through thy presence—
The weak become strong at the sound of thy voice.

Thou art also belov'd in the councils of heaven,
Where once thou wast seated, and where now thy name
Is spoken with honor and held in remembrance
Till thou shalt return to their sittings again.

When thou shalt have finish'd thy toils and thy trials,
Thou wilt rest for awhile, for present reward—
Thou wilt join with the spirits of "just men made perfect,"
And enter with triumph the joy of thy Lord:
And then in the morn of the first resurrection,
Thou wilt come forth to reign with the Savior on earth;
Made holy and pure through the regeneration,
The Gods will rejoice in thy glorious birth.

WINTER QUARTERS, OCTOBER 24, 1846.

TO MRS. V. KIMBALL.

Thou much belov'd in Zion,
Remember, life is made
A double-sided picture,
Contrasting light and shade.

Our Father means to prove us;
And when we're fully tried,
He will reverse the drawing,
And show the bétter side.

Then, then we'll be astonish'd,
That ignorance could throw
Such dismal shades of darkness
Where light and beauty glow.

The mists that hide the future
Are round our visions thrown:
But when, as *seen*, *we're seeing*,
And *know as we are known*,

Whatever seems forbidding,
And tending to annoy,
Will, like dull shadows, vanish,
Or turn to crowns of joy.

TO ELDER L., ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

Go, brother, go forth in the spirit of Jesus,
Enrob'd with salvation, encircl'd with power;
Go forth as a herald to publish glad tidings,
Go, call to the nations, go tell them the hour.

Go, brother, be humble, hold fast your profession,
Continue to cling to the strong iron rod:
'Twill guide through the mists and the clouds of thick darkness
To the fountain of light and the glory of God.

Go, brother, your country has chas'd you in exile,
With an oft-oppress'd people—the Saints of the Lord,
Who are passing the furnace of deep "fiery trials,"
Rejoicing in hope of the "better reward."

Go, brother, and tell our dear brethren in Europe,
The suff'ring and patience and faith of the Saints,
Who, for righteousness' sake, on the earth are but strangers,
Yet God is their hope, and their spirit ne'er faints.

Go, brother, and say to the Saints that are faithful,
The Lord is preparing a kingdom of rest;

And when they have pass'd through the tide of affliction,
With a fulness of blessing they'll truly be blest.

Go, brother, be faithful, and God will protect you,
And bear you in safety across the great deep;
And your guardian angel will bring you instruction,
And whisper sweet comfort to you when you sleep.

Go, brother, and when, from the friends that surround you,
You are breathing the air of a far distant clime,
Look oft in the mirror of your recollection,
And the sweet-sounding harp-strings of friendship will chime.

May the God of our fathers preserve you from evil,
And fill you with wisdom and light evermore;
And when you with honor have finish'd your mission,
Return you in peace to America's shore.

TO CHARLES AND `VILATE.

Please accept my warmest wishes
For your good, you wedded pair;
That the richest, choicest blessings
Heaven may grant your lot to share.

Peace and friendship, love and union,
Plenteous as the summer dew,
May they on your opening pathway
Gems of sacred pleasure strew.

May you feel the Holy Spirit
Freely through your bosoms flow,
Till at length you shall inherit
All the Priesthood can bestow.

When your life, both long and happy,
You have finish'd here on earth,
Sweetly sleep, then re-awaken
In a high celestial birth.

SONG OF THE DESERT.

Beneath the cloud-topp'd mountain,
  Beside the craggy bluff,
Where every dint of nature
  Is rude and wild enough;
Upon the verdant meadow,
  Upon the sunburnt plain,
Upon the sandy hillock;
  We waken music's strain.

Beneath the pine's thick branches,
  That has for ages stood;
Beneath the humble cedar,
  And the green cotton-wood;
Beside the broad, smooth river,
  Beside the flowing spring,
Beside the limpid streamlet;
  We often sit and sing.

Beneath the sparkling concave,
  When stars in millions come
To cheer the pilgrim strangers,
  And bid us feel at home;
Beneath the lovely moonlight,
  When Cynthia spreads her rays;

In social groups assembled,
We join in songs of praise.

Cheer'd by the blaze of firelight,
When twilight shadows fall,
And when the darkness gathers
Around our spacious hall,
With all the warm emotion
To saintly bosoms given,
In strains of pure devotion
We praise the God of heaven.

Bank of Platte River, Aug. 25, 1847.

TO PRESIDENT B. YOUNG AND CAMP.

Written on meeting the Pioneers to the Mountains, on their return, between the Platte and Green Rivers.

Hail! ye mighty men of Israel,
Who the hiding place have found:
The Eternal God has blest you—
You have stood on holy ground.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord! we're glad to meet you:
Welcome, welcome on your way—
Yes, O yes, with songs we greet you,
Pioneers of Latter-day.

A choice land, of old appointed
For the House of Israel's rest,
You have found and consecrated—
Through your blessing 'twill be blest.
Chorus—Praise the Lord, &c.

Holy, free, and unpolluted,
Will that land for us remain;
While the sacred laws of justice
There the Saints of God maintain.
Chorus—Praise the Lord, &c.

Go, return to Winter Quarters—
Go in peace and safety too ;
There the purest hearts are beating,
Warm with hopes of seeing you.
Chorus—Praise the Lord, &c.

We will onward to the Valley—
Speed your way—make haste and come,
That ere long, with joy and gladness,
We may bid you *welcome home.*
Chorus—Praise the Lord, &c.

—o—

THE WIFE'S SALUTATION.

Our life is a cup where the sweet with the bitter,
And bitter with sweet oft commingle again ;
Where we're meeting and parting and parting and meeting,
Pain changes to pleasure and pleasure to pain.

Chorus.

To your home—to your dwelling, my husband, you're welcome;
For your coming a feast has been made ready here:
Your friends I've invited—they've come in to greet you;
Eat, drink, and be social, and be of good cheer.

Should we come to the period by folly predicted,
When parting with kindred and friends is unknown,
As a matter of course 'tis a point of existence
When the pleasures of *meeting* will not be our own.
Chorus—To your home, &c.

Then let 's be contented to fill up our measure
Of days, where friends part and as oftentimes meet;
And endure all the grief and the sorrow of parting,
For the sake of enjoying the *welcoming treat.*
Chorus—To your home, &c.

When stern duty demands of my husband long absence,
In spite of my judgment my feelings will mourn;
But the time wears away, though it seems with slow motion,
And my heart beats with joy when I hail his return.
Chorus—To your home, &c.

My friends, I have call'd you; I now bid you welcome,
My husband 's return'd to my dwelling and me!

Partake of my joy, and sit down at my table—
May your hearts all be happy, your spirits all free.
Chorus—To your home, &c.

—o—

EXPECTATION.

Hast thou ever afloat on the ocean afar
Seen the lighthouse that shone like a glimmering star?
Hast thou watch'd in the dark, the return of the ray
Which appears in the east as a prelude of day?
Or anxiously waited till nature should bring
From Winter's cold bosom the beauty of Spring?
And didst thou in childhood perspectively view
Scenes lucidly shining like Summer's bright dew?

Ah, yes! Expectation, deep rooted within,
Unto all a sweet singer from childhood has been,
And with varying colors as deeply imprest
As the ardor of feeling that reigns in the breast.

I smile when I think of the masterly art
Which it often employs to play tricks on the heart—
Its nicely laid schemes, so ingeniously wrought,
That in its soft trappings how sweet to be caught!
Its chains, like enchantments, so gently entwine,
They inspire softer raptures than words can define.

But then, its kind whisperings of fanciful tales,
Pois'd on wild contingence with ether-like sails;
Its dark midnight murmurs, unlicens'd, that roll
On shrewd consternation, to sadden the soul;
Are just like the meteors that fall from the skies,
Or like the small bubbles that burst as they rise,
Compar'd with those sacred, immutable things
Which true Expectation credentially brings;
For lo! Expectation's true acme appears
High, high o'er the zenith of human affairs—
In a sphere pure and holy, where climate and clime
Are free from the chances and changes of Time.

COME TO THE VALLEY.

TO MRS. M. A. YOUNG, MRS. V. KIMBALL, AND MRS. E. A. WHITNEY.

Oft my spirit seems to mingle
With you, wheresoe'er you are;
That you soon may reach the Valley,
Is my earnest daily prayer.

Here a quiet, heavenly spirit
Seems all nature to pervade—
All the *Saints* are well contented,
But the *hangers on* afraid.

All is well, is well in Zion—
Zion is the pure in heart:
Come along, you holy women,
And your blessings here impart.

May rich streams of consolation
Ever to your bosoms flow,
And the bitterness of sorrow
Be no more your lots to know.

Blessed be your habitations,
The abodes of peace and rest;

Yes, with all that is a blessing
I would fondly have you blest.

I anticipate the period
When you to the Valley come:
Haste and leave your Winter Quarters—
Here you 'll find a better home.

Great Salt Lake Valley, Nov., 1847.

TO ELDER P. B. L.

The following is a response to a solicitation to write, on no particular subject.

Sir, I had once a home and wealth,
Sound constitution and good health;
And *then*, if call'd at any time
For friends or Press to furnish rhyme,
I to my study could retire,
And, undisturb'd, awake the lyre;
Or labor through the day, and then,
While others slept, employ the pen.

Life's circumstances ebb and flow:
I've since been tossing to and fro.
The rugged scenes I've struggl'd through,
And sickly climate of Nauvoo,
Have tax'd my nature, till at length
My constitution and my strength
Have almost fail'd. While I apply,
Like Paul, "these hands" to satisfy
My daily wants, it is too hard
At present to support the Bard.
Yet I am happy—I am blest
With friends, the wisest and the best.

If, by the bye, I should be blest
With home and means, with time and rest,
These snow-crown'd mountains, towering high,
And verdant vales that 'neath them lie ;
The City, ushering into life,
With all the wealth of nature rife ;
The " stone," the power which we suppose
Will *here* commence to crush the toes
Of Daniel's " image," and go forth
Subduing all the powers on earth ;
May be the subjects of my pen :
You'll please excuse my lyre till *then*,
When, though across the western sea,
Upon the Isles perchance you'll be,
From time to time you'll hear from me.

Great Salt Lake City, May, 1849.

THE MOTHER'S SALUTATION.

The Wife of Captain Davis parted with her children on the Plains, at the time when the Mormon Battalion was called out from the Camp of the Saints, and accompanied her husband on that expedition, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley from the South. Having preceded them, and having been notified when her children would arrive, she had prepared a feast, and invited a circle of friends to participate in their joy. THE MOTHER'S SALUTATION *was written for, and sung on, the occasion.*

When from kindred kindred part,
The emotions of the heart
With instinctive impulse move,
Clinging to the forms of love;
And the quicken'd pulses beat,
When with mutual love they meet.

After years of grief and pain,
Children, we have met again:
Oft I've wept and pray'd for you
Since we bade the last adieu;
Now, with joy to mothers dear,
Do I bid you *welcome here.*

Onward coursing, day by day,
Year on year has roll'd away
Since upon a stranger land
We all took the parting hand—

Since bereft you seem'd to be
Of your father and of me.

Duty's prompt and stern demand
Tore me from your social band:
Trusting in the mighty God,
On the soldier's path I trod,
Ever willing to partake
Hardships for your father's sake.

Suff'ring more than tongue can tell
On the soldier's pathway fell!
But that scenery now is o'er—
We are spar'd to meet once more:
Husband, children, neighbors too,
Joyfully I welcome you.

Here, upon a land of peace,
May our happiness increase—
May our ties of friendship be
Grac'd with pure integrity:
Faithful each till death remain,
Then we'll part to meet again.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT., 1848.

THE CHILDREN'S SALUTATION.

Two of President B. Young's daughters, Elizabeth Ellsworth and Vilate Decker, came to Salt Lake Valley in 1847. *President Young removed with his family in* 1848. *On the evening of his arrival, his daughters with their husbands, having prepared a supper, after seating their parents at table, with a few friends, sung the* "SALUTATION," *which had been written for the occasion.*

Welcome! father, welcome! mother;
To the Valley you have come:
Welcome to your children's table—
Welcome to your children's home.

Chorus.

Yes, dear parents, you are welcome—
We are happy now with you:
With dear husbands, with dear children,
With dear father and mother too.

Time has roll'd with heavy motion
Since we left you far away;
But the past is all forgotten
In the blessings of this day.
Chorus—Yes, dear parents, &c.

All the sad and lonely feelings
Which our bosoms have opprest,
Vanish like the shades of midnight
While with your sweet presence blest.
Chorus—Yes, dear parents, &c.

Now our pulses beat more freely,
Now the Valley looks more fair—
Nature's self receives new vigor,
Sweeter fragrance fills the air.
Chorus—Yes, dear parents, &c.

May you in this pleasant Valley
Be supplied with every good,
And the crown of every blessing—
Health and peace and quietude.
Chorus—Yes, dear parents, &c.

SEPT. 20, 1848.

THE SALUTATION

OF THE SAINTS IN THE VALLEY, TO PRESIDENT B. YOUNG AND COUNSELLORS, ON THEIR SECOND ARRIVAL.

You have come, you have come to the Valley once more,
And have landed your train, like a ship on the shore:
As the fathers of Israel, with hosts you have come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

You have brought to us husbands, wives, daughters, and sons,
Brothers, sisters, and fathers and mothers at once:
With the blessings of God the Eternal you've come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

By the hand of the Gentiles you've long been opprest
In a land where our suffrings are yet unredress'd:
Over deserts and mountains and kanyons you come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

Like the pillars of heaven, you unshaken have stood
By Joseph the Prophet till mobs spilt his blood;
And presiding o'er Israel, to us you have come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

To our Chieftain, all hail! to his Counsellors too.
With the Camp of the Saints that escap'd from Nauvoo:
"Up through great tribulations" indeed you have come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

Here the breezes are rife with the spirit of health,
And the soil is invested with sources of wealth,
Which by Industry's lever most surely will come—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

Here a bulwark of mountains encircles us round,
And with stores for the artist does freely abound—
Here are rivers and streamlets whose pure waters foam—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

"Snow and hail storms come down on the mountains apace,
But the City is low—it is in a low place:"
Here's no castle, no palace, no proud rising dome—
To this beautiful Valley we *welcome you home.*

When you've rear'd up a standard, and all with accord
Will adhere to the precepts and law of the Lord
Which are given, and through Brigham hereafter will come,
In this beautiful Valley *we'll have a blest home.*

SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Our Father God, to thee belongs
The tribute of our sweetest songs:
Thy power and mercy crown our way
To all the blessings of this day.

Chorus.

Shout! shout! all ye Saints, till the valleys of Ephraim
Resound with the praise of our Father on high;
Who has given us a home in the midst of the mountains,
While the judgments and scourges of God shall pass by.

Thou God that form'd the heavens and earth,
Who brought the seas and fountains forth;
To thee the Saints of Latter-day
Their grateful, constant service pay.
Chorus—Shout! &c.

We worship Him who hath an ear
The prayers of contrite hearts to hear:
That God who lives—whose pulses move—
Whose bosom feels a father's love.
Chorus—Shout! &c.

His grace sustain'd us when our foes
In mobbing rage against us rose :
He taught His servants, as of old,
To gather Israel to the fold.
Chorus—Shout ! &c.

Thou great Eternal Source of light,
Thou Source of wisdom, power, and might !
Thy Saints thy goodness will proclaim
In loud hosannas to thy name.
Chorus—Shout ! &c.

We thank thee for these mountain vales,
Where life abounds and peace prevails ;
The plenteous products of the land
Declare the bounty of thy hand.
Chorus—Shout ! &c.

We'll sing hosannas unto thee,
Whose power and wisdom made us free,
Till congregated worlds resound
Thy praise to all creations round.
Chorus—Shout ! &c.

ON THE DEATH OF J. S.

Low in the dust the casket lies,
In silence there to rest;
The gem has gone to Paradise,
To shine among the blest.

'Twas sweet, 'twas blessedness to die
As Jane has died, and go
So early to the world on high,
Secure from mortal woe.

She liv'd a Saint—belov'd on earth
By friends and kindred dear,
Who knew her well, and priz'd her worth—
Her mem'ry still revere.

Though gone from us, she lives and moves,
And in a brighter sphere;
And still remembers, still she loves
Her friends and kindred here.

Then dry your tears—weep not for Jane,
But faithfully prepare
To meet and dwell with her again
Where holy beings are—

To reach the mansions of the blest,
To join the heavenly song,
And share the glorious day of rest
With all the ransom'd throng.

—o—

THE LORD HAS DELIVERED HIS PEOPLE.

Written in the Album of Mrs. M. S. Gates.

The Lord hath dealt marvellously with His people, even the Latter-day Saints.

He hath delivered them from the hand of their enemies—He hath led them forth from the land of oppression.

In His own wisdom hath He purposed it, and by His own power in the overruling hand of His Providence has He brought it to pass.

When our enemies had plotted our destruction—when they had slaughtered our Prophet and Patriarch, and insolently brandished their swords in the midst of our dwellings—when they thought to wipe us out of exis-

tence by rooting us out of our inheritances, and by driving us far beyond the track of civilization ;

Then He opened up unto us a path, before untrodden, except by the roving feet of the wandering savage, the Lamanite of the wilderness.

He sustained us while we traversed the sandy waste and the dubious, interminable sage-plains ; He preserved us under the scorching heat of the sun, and amid suffocating showers of dust ; until we arrived in the chambers of Israel, the Valleys of the Mountains, whose summits are crowned with perennial snows.

He has brought us to a place of safety—a valley of peace—a City of Refuge, beyond the reach of the ruthless mobocrat, and far from the unhallowed rage of the heartless persecutor.

Therefore let us exalt His Great and Holy name—let us sound His praises till they shall reverberate from mountain to mountain, and echo to the most distant nations of the earth.

Yea, thou King, the Lord of Hosts, thou Most High God, we will sing of thy goodness in everlasting strains ; for thou hast established us in a fruitful and goodly place amid the munition of rocks, upon the inheritance bequeathed to Joseph and his posterity by his father Jacob.

Thou hast preserved it from the possession of the Gentiles—thou hast held it in reserve for a hiding-place for thy Saints.

ANNIVERSARY SONG FOR THE PIONEERS.

Commemorating their first Entrance into the Valley on the 24th of July.

Hail! ye mighty, noble Chieftains!
Hail! ye faithful Pioneers!
Powers unseen your footsteps guided,
'Twas Jehovah led you here.

Chorus.

Zion's Banner—Freedom's Ensign,
Broad and gloriously unfurl'd,
Waves amid the Rocky Mountains—
Heavenly beacon to the world.

From our birth-place, home, and country,
Lo! a people, brave and free,
Driven by men, by Gods directed
Here in search of Liberty.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

In the hiding-place of Israel—
In the chambers of the West,
Crown'd with nature's rich abundance,
In these valleys we are blest.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

Justice here directs the sceptre—
Truth and love and friendship meet,
Smiling peace her downy carpet
Proffers to the stranger's feet.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

Here will virtue be respected,
Industry and useful toil,
Youth and innocence protected
Like the plants of heavenly soil.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

Brigham Young, the Lord's anointed—
Lov'd of heaven and fear'd of hell:
Like Elijah's on Elisha,
Joseph's mantle on him fell.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

Mighty men compose his Councils,
Inspiration makes them wise—
None can circumscribe the measures
Zion's counsellors devise.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

Here the hosts of Israel gather—
Abra'm's seed from every land,
Through the Priesthood's light preparing
With the Lord of Hosts to stand.
Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

God will come to bless His people—
  Jesus Christ and Joseph too—
Come to introduce a scenery
  Great and glorious, grand and new.
    Chorus—Zion's Banner, &c.

LIBERTY.

CELEBRATION SONG FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY.

Sung by Young Ladies.

Long, long ago, when Earth and Time
  Were in the morn of life,
All joyous in their lovely prime,
  With fragrant beauty rife,
All nature then in order crown'd
  With perfect harmony,
Luxuriant products cloth'd the ground—
  O, there was Liberty!

No vail obscur'd the world on high
From those that dwelt on earth;
But in the pathway of the sky,
They journey'd back and forth.
Then God and angels talk'd with men,
And woman too was free;
For both were pure and sinless then,
In perfect Liberty.

The curse pursued transgression's track.
And man from God was driven,
Until the Priesthood brought him back
To do the will of heaven.
We'll shout hosanna to the Lord,
For what is yet to be
When Earth and man will be restor'd
To God and Liberty.

We see the light-house brightly blaze
Far o'er the boist'rous wave;
With cheering prospects thus we gaze
On hopes beyond the grave:
For woman, if submissive here
To God and man's decree,
Restor'd, will fill a nobler sphere
In glorious Liberty.

The Lord has set His gracious hand,
And by His mighty power

He led His people to this land,
  Preparing for the hour:
For Earth and Time are growing old,
  And soon Eternity
Will to the Saints of God unfold
  Celestial Liberty.

—o—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP NEWELL K. WHITNEY.

A mighty man, a man of worth,
  A father and a friend,
Has left the narrow sphere of earth,
  His upward course to wend.

Firm as the hills—he was a stay,
  A bulwark, and a shield:
Like a strong pillar, mov'd away
  To Zion's broader field.

From understanding's deepest wells,
Unmeasur'd draughts he drew;
The light that with Jehovah dwells,
Inspir'd his judgment too.

With dignity he fill'd the sphere
Allotted him below;
His presence seem'd an impulse here
To wisdom's genial flow.

But now his noble form must lie
And slumber in the dust,
While he with honor joins the high
Assemblies of the just.

With fondly cherish'd memory
His name will be belov'd,
While virtue and integrity
Are by the Saints approv'd.

The stroke is with a heavy rod;
But while our hearts deplore
His loss, we'll own the hand of God,
That God whom we adore.

G. S. L. City, 1850.

TO MRS. MARY,

CONSORT OF THE LATE HYRUM SMITH,

The Second Patriarch over the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Though thy lord, thy companion, is laid in the dust,
He that liveth forever, whose counsels are just,
Is your friend and protector—He only can bind
The deep wounds of your spirit and solace your mind.

His power is sufficient, whatever betide;
The earth and its fulness are His: He'll provide
For your fatherless children: their father He'll be,
And, according to promise, a God unto thee.

Then, much-honor'd lady, submissively bow
To the weight of affliction that falls on you now:
The glad period approaches when, happy above,
Your companion you'll meet, and rejoice in his love.

NAUVOO, 1844.

TO ELDER FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS,

On his first return from Europe.

Thrice welcome, herald of Eternal Truth!
Glad tidings of salvation you, in youth,
Have borne to thousands o'er the wat'ry main;
And now we hail you in our midst again—
With int'rest hear you of the welfare tell
Of our dear brethren who in Britain dwell.

What keen sensations must have fill'd your heart
When duty's unction prompted you to part
With those whose welfare with your pulses join'd,
And whose existence with your own entwin'd—
Expos'd to cruel suffering in a land
Where persecution held a reeking hand!

Forsaking all, with Godlike, fix'd intent,
To Europe's shore for Zion's sake you went.
The heavens with approbative whispers bless
With constant favor constant faithfulness;
And you were crown'd with blessings not a few—
The Saints in Europe love and bless you too;
But Scotland seem'd your labors most to share,
And friendship wove for you bright garlands there.

And now your heart's warm pulses fondly twine
Around the motto of their royal line,
Th' insignia which their own brave fathers had—
The Thistled Bonnet and the Tartan Plaid.

Back to their banks and braes and highland dells,
Their spiral cities and their moss-grown cells—
The land o'er which bold Genius' goddess yearns,
Sir Walter's birth-place and the home of Burns,
Your spirit now, on thought's swift pinions borne,
To mingle with the Saints will oft return.
But, brother Richards, welcome! Here remain
Till God appoints to other climes again;
And may the power of lives eternal shed
Unnumber'd blessings on the path you tread.

Whene'er you write him, will you please to send
My cordial salutations to your friend,
The gifted "Lyon," whose sweet-sounding lyre
Breathes more than Ida's—breathes celestial fire;
To whom the high prerogative is given
To circulate the glorious truths of heaven,
And through the medium of the "*Star*" diffuse
The emanations of his heavenly muse.
And Brigham Young, the "Lion of the Lord,"
Sends love and blessing to the Scottish Bard,
And all the faithful Saints of God who dwell
Where Ossian sung—where Bruce and Wallace fell.
Tell them to wait in hope for "liberty,"
Till Jesus Christ shall make his people free—

Till Zion's glorious banner is unfurl'd,
And her high standard overlooks the world.

In holy aspirations to His throne,
To whom the secrets of all hearts are known—
Whose are the issuing springs of life and death,
The deep-ton'd promptings of our spirits' breath
With fervor are ascending night and day,
That for the Saints He soon will clear the way,
That scatter'd Israel may be gather'd home
To Zion, where the "best from worlds" will come.

—o—

THE NEW YEAR,

1852.

Hark! 'tis the trump of Time that ushers in
The new, unfolding, undevelop'd year.
Who knows its secrets? Who can pry into
Its deeply folded vestments and foretell
The grand vicissitudes that will precede

The full-form'd egress of the op'ning year,
Now wrapt in curtains of futurity,
Which mortal ken, unaided by the light
Of inspiration, cannot penetrate?

Its introduction bears the impress of
The past, and casts its bold reflection on
The future. Time's broad bosom heaves—on, on
Fast moves the billowy tide of change, that in
Its destination will o'erwhelm the mass
Of the degen'rate governments of earth,
And introduce Messiah's peaceful reign.

There is "a fearful looking for"—a vague
Presentiment of something near at hand—
A feeling of portentousness, that steals
Upon the hearts of multitudes, who see
Disorder reigning through all ranks of life.

Reformers and reforms, now in our own
United States, clashing tornado-like,
Are threat'ning dissolution all around.
Slavery and anti-slavery—what a strife!

"*Japhet shall dwell within the tents of Shem,*
And Ham shall be his servant," long ago
The Prophet said: 'tis being now fulfill'd.
The curse of the Almighty rests upon
The color'd race. In His own time—by His
Own means, not ours, that curse will be remov'd.

And woman, too, aspires for something, and
She knows not what, which, if attain'd, would
prove
Her very wishes not to be her wish.
Sun, moon, and stars, and vagrant comets too,
Leaving their orbits, ranging side by side,
Contending for prerogatives, as well
Might seek to change the laws that govern
them,
As woman to transcend the sphere which God
Through disobedience has assign'd to her,
And seek and claim equality with man.
She led in the transgression, and was plac'd,
By Eloheim's unchangeable decree,
In a subservient and dependent sphere.
If virtuous, faithful, and submissive there,
She's lovely, loving, and she is belov'd.

Can ships at sea be guided without helm,
Boats without oars, steam-engines without
steam,
The mason work without a trowel? Can
The painter work without a brush, or the
Shoemaker without awls? the hatter work
Without a block, the blacksmith without sledge
Or anvil?
Just as well as men reform
And regulate society without
The Holy Priesthood's power. Who can de-
scribe

The heavenly order who have not the right,
Like Abra'm, Moses, and Elijah, to
Converse with God, and be instructed through
The Urim and the Thummim, as of old?

Hearken! all ye inhabitants of earth,
All you philanthropists, who're struggling to
Correct the evils of society.
You've neither rule or plummet.
Here are men,
Cloth'd with the everlasting Priesthood—men
Full of the Holy Ghost, and authoriz'd
T' establish righteousness—to plant the seed
Of pure religion, and restore again
A perfect form of government to earth.

If elsewhere men are so degenerate
That women dare compete with them, and stand
In bold comparison, let them come *here*,
And *here* be taught the principles of life
And exaltation.

Let those fair champions of "female rights,"
Female conventionists, come here.
Yes, in
These mountain vales, chas'd from the world,
of whom
It "was not worthy," here are noble men,
Whom woman may be proud t' acknowledge for
Her own superior, and feel no need

Of female Congressmen ; for here the laws
And Constitution our forefathers fram'd
Are honor'd and respected.
Virtue finds
Protection 'neath the heaven-wrought banner
here.
'Tis *here* that vile, foul-hearted wretches learn
That truth cannot be purchas'd—justice brib'd ;
And, taught to fear the bullet's warm embrace,
Through their fond love of life, from crimes
desist,
And seek a refuge in the States, where weight
Of purse is weight of character, and stamps
The impress of respectability.

"Knowledge is power." Ye Saints of Latter-
day,
You hold the keys of knowledge. 'Tis for you
To act the most conspicuous and the most
Important part connected with the scenes
Of this New Year, in planting on the earth
The principles of Justice, Equity—
Of righteousness and everlasting peace.

G. S. L. City, Jan., 1852.

CELEBRATION SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

All hail the day Columbia first
The iron chains of bondage burst!
Lo! Utah valleys now resound
With Freedom's tread on western ground.

Chorus.

Though Brocchus, Day, and Brandebury,
And Harris too, the Secretary,
Have gone—they went! But when they left us,
They only of themselves bereft us.

Here is a people brave and free,
Bold advocates for liberty—
The champions of our country's cause,
And firm supporters of her laws.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

The banner which our fathers won,
The legacy of Washington,
Is now in Utah wide unfurl'd,
And proffers peace to all the world.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

We'll here revive our country's fame,
The glory of Columbia's name:
Her Constitution's germ will be
The basis of our Liberty.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

With hearts of valor, firm and true,
With patriotic ardor too,
We now commemorate the day,
Where freedom chants her sweetest lay.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

Long as the everlasting snows
Upon these mountain tops repose,
Those rights our vet'ran fathers gain'd
Shall in these valleys be sustain'd.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

This Territory shall not rate
Inferior to a sister State,
For justice, order, harmony,
Peace, virtue, and integrity.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

Our motto,—"*Truth and Liberty*,"
As heretofore, will ever be;
And heaven's strong pillars sooner shake
Than we our standard will forsake.
Chorus—Though Brocchus, &c.

TO ELDER SAMUEL W. RICHARDS,

On his Departure for Europe.

Go, go, brother Richards, and mingle again
With the Saints that reside o'er the watery main:
Go, point them to Zion—inspire them to come
To the chambers of Israel, and find a blest home.

Go, search out the pure and the contrite in heart—
All who with vain idols are willing to part—
The noble of spirit—the faithful and meek—
All who for salvation in righteousness seek.

Teach them to be prudent, their pennies to save,
To bear their expenses across the blue wave;
That with joy and rejoicing their feet may abide
Where Brigham and Heber and Willard reside.

Please salute brother Taylor for me, when you meet;
Lorenzo, Erastus, and Franklin too, greet.
That you, in your mission, success may attend,
The prayers of the faithful will ever ascend.

G. S. L. City, Sep., 1851.

TO THE SAINTS IN DENMARK.

All you who in Denmark believe on the Lord,
Rejoice in His goodness, and trust in His word;
Over all that oppress you and all that assail,
If you will be faithful, you'll surely prevail.

The Lord is your portion; then be of good cheer—
Though Satan is raging, you've nothing to fear:
Whatever you suffer for righteousness' sake
Will add to the glory that you will partake.

The crown of the martyr 's a glorious crown;
And if for the Gospel your lives are laid down,
An escort of angels your spirits will bear
Where Joseph and Hyrum and Abraham are.

In the midst of your trials be patient and meek,
And the Spirit of God in humility seek,
And seek for the wisdom that comes from above—
Be as wise as the serpent, yet harmless as doves.

Like gold in the furnace the Saints must be tried,
Or the coming of Jesus they cannot abide,
Neither dwell in His presence hereafter, nor claim
A fulness of glory with God and the Lamb.

We pray for your welfare ; O be of good cheer !
With shouts of hosanna we'll welcome you here,
And with you, in the Temple, His blessings partake
Who will never, no never, His people forsake.

Then endure with long-suffering, and wait for the day
When God in His wisdom will open the way
For the Saints who are suff'ring in Denmark to come,
And enjoy in the mountains a peaceable home.

THE NARROW WAY.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Matt.* vii, 14.

When I espous'd the cause of Truth,
The Holy Spirit from on high
Promptly instructed me, forsooth,
To lay my youthful prospects by.

I saw, along the "narrow way,"
An ordeal which the Saints must meet
To gain the prize: I then did lay
My earthly all at Jesus' feet.

My life committed to His care,
With food and raiment I'm content,
While with the faithful Saints I share
The glorious blessings God has sent.

Who thinks beneath life's golden sky
To reach the upper court of God?
Who can the Christian armor ply
In life's gay pathway, smooth and broad?

With purpose fix'd, we must pursue
An onward course, with steady aim;
And keep perfection's mark in view,
Reckless of grandeur, ease, or fame.

Alas! for some who lately shone
Resplendent, like the orbs on high;
Who're waning like yon late full moon,
That now seems verging from the sky!

Can Saints secure the great reward
And from thy holy precepts stray?
Take not thy Spirit from me, Lord,
But keep me in the "narrow way."

O let me never, never prize
Thy favor less than worldly good;
Nor thy prophetic voice despise,
Like those that perish'd in the flood.

———o———

TO MRS. STENHOUSE, SWITZERLAND.

Sister, you are counted worthy
Toils and sufferings to partake,
Which your dear, devoted husband
Now endures for Jesus' sake.

Be not fearful or desponding,
Though from home you're far away,
For the Lord our God will give you
Grace according to your day.

Wreaths of honor, crowns of glory,
Robes of pure, celestial white,
Will be given to all the faithful—
All who in the truth delight.

Be not weary in well-doing:
Be thou blest—be of good cheer,
For your name is known in honor
By the Saints—the faithful, here.

G. S. L. City, Aug., 1853.

THE TEMPLE.

For the Laying of the Corner Stones of the Temple in Great Salt Lake City, April 6th, 1853.

Our era this day numbers three years and twenty,
And lo! a great people inhabit the West;
The Lord God of Abra'm, the great God of battles,
Who leads forth to vict'ry, appointed our rest.

Chorus.

The Temple! the Temple! we'll build up the Temple—
A court of salvation, iniquity's rod,
A glorious beacon, a light on the mountains,
A portal for angels, a threshold for God.

The stones of the corner—the Temple's foundation,
In peace in the City of Brigham are laid—
In the chambers of Israel, a place that is sacred,
Where righteousness triumphs, where truth is obey'd.
Chorus—The Temple, &c.

Glad tidings of joy to the spirits in prison,
To the Saints of all countries and isles of the sea,

For a Temple of God in the midst of the mountains:
Great joy in the courts of the Highest will be.
Chorus—The Temple, &c.

Rejoice! all ye meek, all ye contrite in spirit,
For Zion's redemption is now drawing near;
And the vail will be rent, and the Saints resurrected—
The kingdom in heaven will shortly appear.
Chorus—The Temple, &c.

The Lord whom ye seek will soon come to His Temple—
The covenant messenger whom ye desire;
He'll purify Israel as gold in the furnace,
Consuming the dross with unquenchable fire.
Chorus—The Temple, &c.

Sing aloud, Hallelujah! to God the Eternal:
To Him be all excellence, glory, and worth;
And blessed be Brigham and Heber and Willard,
His authoriz'd agency here upon earth.
Chorus—The Temple, &c.

ALL IS WELL.

O awake! my slumb'ring minstrel—
Let my harp forget its spell;
Say, O say, in sweetest accents,
Zion prospers—*all is well.*

Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let its numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness;
Zion prospers—*all is well.*

Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion:
When she prospers—*all is well.*

Zion, lo! thy day is dawning,
Though the darksome shadows swell:
Faith and hope prelude the morning—
Thou art prospering—*all is well.*

Thy swift messengers are treading
The high courts where princes dwell;
And thy glorious light is spreading—
Zion prospers—*all is well.*

INTRODUCTION OF THE YEAR 1853.

The Year has come—the new, the op'ning Year:
Another leaf of the great book of Time—
Another chapter of the sceneries
Of human life is open'd, and a new,
An unrecited page is turn'd to be
Committed for the grand rehearsal. We,
The Saints of Latter-day, who, with our might,
In faithfulness are struggling to assist
In moving on the renovation of
The earth and all things that pertain thereto,
Fear not its contents; but, believing in
The promise that "all things are ours, that naught
Can separate us from the love of God—
Not principalities or powers, or life
Or death, or height or depth, things present or
To come," and with increasing happiness,
We view the hasty, hurried flight of Time,
With its attendant, wonder-working change,
Propelling onward the events declar'd
Unto the ancient fathers, to prepare
The way for Jesus Christ to come again.

And yet the Year, with all its joyousness,
Recalls to mind the reminiscences
Of other days, and in our bosoms stirs

The feelings of the heart that will entwine
Around the mem'ry of the past, ere the
Bright star of Liberty had shone upon
The dwellings of the Saints.
And verily
The present, past, and future are entwin'd
So closely in their bonds of fellowship—
So firmly wedded each to other, that
The mind must penetrate and circumscribe
The deep, connecting intimacy of
The whole, to comprehend the import of
Those strange, mysterious occurrences
Which sometimes most abruptly introduce
Themselves into life's moving sceneries,
And, like a mighty engine, acting in
The centre of the grand machinery
Of earth's events, produce those features which
Will form the data for all future time.

Such is the nature of that horrid scene
Which spilt our Prophet's blood! But God was at
The helm—God, the Great Mariner that guides
The ship of human life. His wisdom mov'd
And, overruling all the wickedness
Of Satan's war-dogs, led this people forth,
And, through the vortex of oppression, made
Us free; and blessed be His holy name.

But Illinois has brought a cloud, a stain
Upon her brow, as dark as all the skill

Of hell could make it—one which neither time
Nor all eternity can e'er erase!
'Twill be a tarnish in the sequel of
Her history! 'Twill be like mildew in
Her wardrobe, vermin in her larder, and
Like greedy canker-worms to feed upon
Her vitals and consume their rottenness,
Until her name shall have become extinct!

Here in these valleys peace and plenty reign.
As year to year succeeds, so change to change.
And, O ye Saints, be ever on your watch:
The prince of darkness slumbers not, and his
Innumerable, disembodied hosts
Are never weary. God Himself, to test
Your steadfastness, will put you to the proof,
And He will probe and feel about your hearts,
But not in person, for His presence would
Annihilate the trial.
He will use
Those means—those instruments that will the best
Effect the purpose. Then, let come what will,
Whether in worldly substance you abound,
Or, like the Lazarus of old, you live
Upon the crumbs that fall from others' boards,
Whether with Saints at home, or far abroad,
Hold on to your *integrity*. Swerve not,
Though every tie on earth is sever'd—though
Your hearts are made to bleed at every pore,
Be to your trust, your purpose, firmer than

The eternal hills—true to yourselves, true to
Each other, true to God: in being true
To Him, be true to His authorities—
His chosen agency upon the earth,
To guide the chariot of salvation.
The
Rich jewel of integrity, as you
Approximate towards perfection, will
Increase in value year by year. 'Tis wealth,
'Tis wealth of character, and will abide
The wreck of all things. 'Tis celestial coin
And *lawful tender* in the court of heaven:
'Twill pay your passport up, and purchase you
The "*freedom of the City*" *of the Gods.*

TO AN ELDER IN ISRAEL,

On his Departure for Italy, in 1852.

Cloth'd with the Priesthood and the power
Of the Eternal God,
To foreign climes you go, to sound
Salvation's trump abroad.

You go in Jesus' name to teach
The meek the word of life,
And gather Jacob's scatter'd seed
From lands with darkness rife.

You go with blessings on your head—
The Saints will bless you still;
If faithful, God will give you strength
Your mission to fulfil.

You'll be remember'd day by day,
In faith and unity,
By holy men who meet to pray
Where prayer is wont to be.

You leave these lovely mountain vales,
And Zion's faithful Seer,

With all the social joys of home
To noble spirits dear.

You've been a friend to others, and
In times of need you'll find
The Lord will raise up unto you
Friends, faithful, true, and kind.

Whatever features Satan's hosts
Assume, be not dismay'd:
Be humble, and the power of God
Will be your constant aid.

All, all is dark, where Genius once
Her boasted chart unfurl'd—
Proud Italy! whose classic fires
Essay'd to light the world.

Lorenzo Snow, and others, there
Have hid the "little leaven:"
The "mustard seed" is sown, whose boughs
Will lodge the "fowls of heaven."

The torch of life is kindled now—
Go fan its glimmering rays,
Till midnight darkness flies before
Truth's glorious noontide blaze.

A WORD TO THE SAINTS WHO ARE GATHERING.

Think not, when you gather to Zion,
Your troubles and trials are through—
That nothing but comfort and pleasure
Are waiting in Zion for you.
No, no; 'tis design'd as a furnace,
All substance, all textures to try—
To consume all the "wood, hay, and stubble,"
And the gold from the dross purify.

Think not, when you gather to Zion,
That all will be holy and pure—
That deception and falsehood are banish'd,
And confidence wholly secure.
No, no; for the Lord our Redeemer
Has said that the tares with the wheat
Must grow, till the great day of burning
Shall render the harvest complete.

Think not, when you gather to Zion,
The Saints here have nothing to do
But attend to your personal welfare,
And always be comforting you.
No; the Saints who are faithful are doing
What their hands find to do, with their might;
To accomplish the gath'ring of Israel,
They are toiling by day and by night.

Think not, when you gather to Zion,
The prize and the victory won—
Think not that the warfare is ended,
Or the work of salvation is done.
No, no; for the great Prince of Darkness
A tenfold exertion will make,
When he sees you approaching the fountain
Where the truth you may freely partake.

—o—

TO ELDER JOHN LYON.

Like a bright golden gem, in a casket refin'd,
Is the "*Harp*" you presented to me:
I admire its bold speech, and its high tone of mind,
And its accents of innocent glee.

Combin'd with rich matter, its elegant style,
Where good order and beauty entwine,
Is a tall panegyric on skill to compile,
On good taste in the author's design.

I accept the fair gift, the rich, beautiful boon,
With gratitude mingled with pleasure:
With its heaven-inspir'd pages I love to commune,
And, possessing it, feel *I've a treasure.*

TO FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS,

One of the Twelve,

On his Third Departure for Great Britain.

The time has come when you again
Must speed you o'er the watery main:
You go to cheer and bless once more
The Saints who dwell on Europe's shore.

You recognize as word of God,
What Brigham bids you do:
To stay or go—at home—abroad,
Is all the same with you.

A representative you go
Of Zion's kingdom here below—
Through faithfulness you have been blest,
And Zion's blessings on you rest.

The steadfast course you have pursued
Has won you confidence—
The favor of the wise and good
Is *your inheritance.*

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 27, 1854.

TIME AND CHANGE.

A Historical Sketch, commencing with the Creation, and extending to the year 1841, *the time when the Poem was written.*

Time is a Tourist. Ever since the great
Co-partnership of light and darkness was
Dissolv'd, and youthful day and night, no more
Commingling, unremittingly in close
Succession mov'd, Time has pursued his grand,
Undeviating, and untiring course.

Intent to chronicle the deeds of Change,
Passing in simultaneous motion with
The revolutions of his rapid wheel,
By day and night he slumbers not, and midst
The varying seasons, wide varieties,
And all the feats of his grand colleague, Change,
Though kingdoms, phœnix-like, start into life,
And waxing great in regal might, at length
Grown terrible, decline and pass away,
Leaving no traces but in shatter'd form,
Pursues the same straightforward, even course.

He tarries not, though dire commotions rage
And dash like fierce, tremendous surges on

The bosom of the raging deep, convuls'd
By angry Neptune's tempest-storm, evolv'd
In fury terrible. Nor yet, when loud
Portentous signals indicate the verge
Of some momentous revolution, wrought
By the relentless power of Change, when his
Broad bosom sweeps unceremoniously
Among the chambers of the great, dealing
Life's "ups and downs" with ample, liberal hand,
Or, like the burning lava's deadly stream,
Buries beneath its overwhelming course
The high and low—th' oppressor and th' opprest.

Time heeds not importunities. The tears
Of innocence, her secret prayers, and the
Impetuous supplicating agonies
Of malefactors by their own foul deeds
Accurs'd, imploring opportunity
To lighten conscience loaded down with crime,
And crimson'd deep with vile iniquity,
Ere they are launch'd compulsively away
Into a vast eternity unseen,
Are all alike to him—they move him not,
Nor will he urge his steady measur'd course
With an accelerated step. Not all
The eloquence of keen solicitude,
Awaken'd by the free, spontaneous burst
Of grief, beneath the sure, slow, tort'ring rack
Of mad'ning, wild suspense and "hope deferr'd;"
Not all the groans extorted from the breast

Of hopeless misery, encompass'd with
Pale midnight watchings and long ling'ring death;
Have ever drawn from Time's unyielding grasp
One favor sought—one moment in advance.
His royal delegated chart directs
Unerringly to that far destin'd port
Where he, to consummate his grand career,
Will spread his bold insignia, laden with
The destinies of countless millions, and
The long-accumulated, dubious scenes,
With all the blazonry of ages past,
On the broad threshold of eternity.
There his deep folded drapery will be
Unroll'd; and, in the waiting presence of
Heaven's legally commission'd council, all
His vestments search'd, and then the angel-scribe
Unfolding, leaf by leaf, that book of books—
That register of every registry,
Comprising all that Time has seen, or Change
Accomplish'd, since they first commenc'd their yet
Unfinish'd tour.

What strange vicissitudes,
Long shrouded in oblivion's cumbrous fold,
Will meet the ken of wond'ring multitudes!
Then follows on the grand eclaircissement
'Twixt Time and vast eternity. How grand,
How awfully sublime the scene! I'd fain
Accelerate both Time and Change, now much
Too fleet for all the multiplicity

Of this world's cares and preparations for
The world to come, to speed me to that hour
When I shall witness the strange interview :
And to that hour I'm destin'd. 'Tis a point
In our existence unavoidable.
It is the great connecting link between
This transient state and immortality,
To which all flesh eventually must come ;
Not to indulge the idler's vacant stare,
Prompted by lawless curiosity ;
But deeply all associated with
The scenery of that important scene.

There let anticipation fondly rest,
While thought, with retrospective currency,
Reviews events emblazon'd with the bold
And burnish'd pencillings of Time and Change.

Adam, the first-created, the great Sire
Of all the human race, "Ancient of Days,"
Regain'd the favor he had forfeited
By disobedience ; and ere he left
The earth, assembled his posterity—
His children and his children's children, all
Who were the worshippers of the Host High,
And by the power and the authority
Of the eternal Priesthood, which had been
By holy messengers on him conferr'd,
Pronounc'd prophetically blessings on
The heads of his belov'd posterity.

'Twas in a lovely place that truly seem'd
Like the connecting link 'twixt earth and heaven,
A consecrated vale where prayer and praise
Had oft ascended. Sacred altars there,
Burnish'd by Time, morning and evening pour'd
Sweet, holy incense upward to the skies;
And there the heavenly messengers had oft
Descended to associate with men,
For then intelligence was not confin'd
To earth.
Then, principles were understood
That govern'd spheres and systems far remote:
Instruction's current flow'd from angel-tongues.

Man was not *then* the puny being we
Behold him *now;* nor human life the brief—
The small, contracted space of seventy years
That now defines our frail existence. Then
The sons of Adam all were mighty men,
And men that could appreciate the worth
Of a "*Thus saith the Lord;*" and Prophets were
No comic sights—no strange phenomena.

But all the glory of those first-born scenes
Has been obliterated by the hand
Of dubious Change; and the great tourist, Time,
Has thrown the mantle of forgetfulness
In deep, impenetrable folds around.
The records are hid up, except a few
That yet, like broken shreds, are hanging on

The skirts of Time. All now extant are but
As a small drop to the great ocean's bulk,
Compar'd with the vast multitude that yet
Must be brought forward; and their coming forth
Will prove to be the great, grand master-piece
Of all the works that grace the annals of
Grey-headed Time. And that will comprehend
"The restitution of all things, spoken
By all the holy Prophets since the world
Began."
Nature abounds with contrast; so
In human life. In those primeval days,
When Change was young, and man was privileg'd
To multiply his threescore years and ten,
The righteous rose in might and excellence
Until their understandings reach'd to heaven:
The wicked, too, increas'd in wickedness,
Till they became confederate with his
Yet reigning majesty, the Prince of Hell.

Enoch, the seventh from Adam, by a course
Of strict obedience to the commands
Of the Most High, became at length so much
Assimilated to the character
And likeness of the great I AM, and those
Celestial beings that surround His throne,
That the dark vail that hides the upper world
From this was torn asunder, and he gaz'd
On things ineffable; and then he "walk'd
With God three hundred years" upon the earth,

And then was "taken up," and with him a
Great company of righteous ones, which left
This world so destitute of righteousness,
That in process of Time corruption spread
Its sable wings so formidably wide,
That reformation was too impotent;
And then the deluge came with awful stride,
And with o'erwhelming surges buried low
The deep polluted world!

But to preface
That desolating work, a Prophet was
Sent forth.

Indeed the registry of Time
Declares a warning voice has ever yet
Preceded the outpouring of the wrath
Of the Almighty; and a Prophet *is*,
And *always has been*, the forerunner of
Some curse prepar'd, some dreadful overthrow,
Or some dire revolution, shrouded with
A vast, enormous fold of consequence.
No wonder, then, that Prophets have to bear
The vilest obloquy of all the vile
Pour'd out upon them.

Noah had to flee
His native country to escape the hand
Of persecution, and he was esteem'd
An artful fanatic—a pious fool.

The storm came on, and Noah, safely in
His ark, which for a century had been

A fertile theme for jest and ridicule,
In awful triumph rode securely o'er
The wave-wash'd ruins of a guilty world!

The waters were assuag'd—Time rode along,
And his impartial sketches boldly say
That human nature still remain'd unchang'd.

When famous Babel of triumphant height,
In bold defiance of the elements,
Look'd scornfully upon the clouds beneath,
The Lord, to cripple wickedness and check
Invention's almost superhuman growth,
Pour'd out confusion's mixture to the dregs.

Then man barbarian to man became;
And kin from kin, neighbor from neighbor, was
Most fearfully estrang'd! Their dialect
Was each to other an unmeaning sound.
Then union fled—Union, the deity
Almost invested with omnipotence;
And man, asunder from his fellow-man,
Went forth abroad, leaving their headless tower,
A speaking testimonial for Time,
Of human daring and unfruitful toil.

There had been Prophets, men of holy faith,
Dwelling in Shinar's plains, walking in all
The righteous ordinances of the Lord,
To whom He had His purposes reveal'd

Ere the unsocial curse had gone abroad;
And in obedience to divine command,
A choice—a chosen, distant country found,
And mutually enjoy'd man's social gift,
Thought's free conductor—uncorrupted speech.

Change kept with Time; and dark idolatry,
Like an umbrageous oak whose foliage deep
Hides from the soil the life-inspiring sun,
Almost uprooted the pure worship of
The living God.
The verdant groves were strew'd
With smoking altars, whose unholy fronts,
Beneath the weight of human sacrifice,
Groan'd fearfully; while rich drink-off'rings flow'd
In purple currents from the streaming veins
Of new-born, uncorrupted innocence,
By kindred hands unsparingly pour'd out!

The Lord then said to Abra'm, "*Get thee up,*
And leave thy father's house, thy country, and
Thy kin, and go unto a land which I,
The Lord, will show thee." Abra'm rose and went
Not knowing where, safely confiding in
The sacred promise of th' Eternal God.

Abra'm was righteous, and his righteousness
Was cloth'd superbly with the majesty
Of high intelligence. His noble mind,

Like the broad current of a wid'ning stream,
With firm, spontaneous impulse, freely flow'd
From its coeval and immortal source.
Long time a student in the Prophets' school,
His science was no pigmy—no uncouth,
Unorganiz'd, ill-shapen skeleton.

Egypt was then the oriental boast,
And Egypt's wisest sons were fain to sit
At Abra'm's feet, and quaff the copious stream
Of rich instruction, as it freely flow'd,
Like precious bev'rage, from his op'ning lips,
Till their expanding minds were upward borne
Through the delightful contemplation of
His splendid works, and imperceptibly
Became acquainted with the character
And with the nature of the living God.
Then adoration fill'd their swelling hearts;
And deadly scorn of former deities
And senseless idols, vainly worshipp'd, stole
Upon them, and they learn'd to worship Him
Who made the land and sea, the heaven and earth,
With worlds on worlds, systems o'er systems roll'd
In splendor indescribably august.
Abra'm's researches had extended far
Beyond the stretch of modern telescopes,
For he could tell the times and seasons of
Large planets, which our late astronomers,
With all their skill, have not discover'd yet.
And how was Abra'm taught? Let those reply,

If there are those, who're prone to ridicule
The subject of angelic visitants.

Time linger'd not with Abra'm nor with his
Posterity.
His grandson, Jacob, and
His children's children were sojourners in
A foreign land, and were "*entreated ill*
Four hundred years," and then, with mighty hand
And outstretch'd arm, Jehovah led them forth
From bondage, by His servant Moses, whom
He'd chosen to perform that tedious work.

To stand and minister, as Moses did,
'Twixt God and a rebellious multitude
Of stiff-neck'd, selfish, sensual people, was
An arduous business not to be desir'd—
A calling not to be despis'd—a scene
That's now re-acting in these latter-days.

At length they drove the heathen nations out
And took possession of the promis'd land,
Which God had long before by covenant
Given unto Abra'm for himself and his
Posterity, a sure inheritance.

'Twas not until the reign of Solomon,
The son of David, that Judea shone
In all the pomp of glorious majesty,
And with its bright, attractive influence

Drew forth the high eulogiums of all
The nations round about. Unrivall'd then
She held among the nations of the earth
A rank adorn'd with all that faith could give
Or dignity create. Wisdom and wealth
Were there, for there the God of Abra'm had
A sanctuary. There, from time to time,
The glory of the Lord was seen ; and there
His holy word, revealing unto men
Things present, past, and future, often came.
There architecture rear'd its head with bold
And polish'd gracefulness. The powerful skill
Of those who practis'd curious workmanship
Both far and near found ample scope and means
Uncircumscrib'd. For gold and silver there
Were plenteous as the summer-morning dews
Upon the beauteous, swelling bosoms of
The broad, extensive prairies of the West.

But Change, the curious artist, seated on
The chariot in close companionship
With our great hero, Time, perform'd, with his
Accustom'd boldness and alacrity,
An operation terribly severe
Upon the sov'reignty of Israel.
The kingdom was divided, and its strength
Like a night vision fled.
Far, far away,
The captive of Assyria, the ten
And a half tribes of Israel, went

" To keep the statutes of the Lord, which they
In their own land had never kept."
Ere long
Change will reveal their hiding place ; for when
" The Lord shall say unto the north, *Give up*,"
The long lost tribes of Israel will come forth
In terrible array, with horses and
With chariots, a powerful multitude.

'Twas thus with Israel. Afterwards, the house
Of Judah in captivity was led
Away to Babylon ; and there the Jew,
Whose firm, unconquerable spirit was
Unmov'd by flattery, unaw'd by threat,
Was forc'd to grace a heathen Gentile court,
Whose haughty monarch with high swelling words
Most daringly blasphem'd the living God :
In strains like these exultingly he spoke—

" Behold this great city, Babylon,
And see what my own right hand has done ;
Behold here, how my skill and wisdom shine—
Let my name be extoll'd — let the praise be
mine ;
For my power is supreme—my dominion wide,
And beneath my pavilion princes hide.
Wealth yields her abundance at my desire :
et the earth adore and the heavens admire.
Are not these the insignia of deity ?
Ah ! who is a God that is like unto me ?"

God heard the boasting exultation, and
Beheld the glory of Chaldea's king,
And with His finger mark'd its boundary,
And sent him forth to graze on herbage fields
In humble posture, with the shepherd's herd,
Till Change had wrought a seven-years' greedy
work,
And he acknowledg'd most unfeignedly,
And frankly too, the reign of the Most High.

Time, reckless of events, by heaven ordain'd
To usher in the dread fulfilment of
Ancient predictions—those strange deeds of Change
Which Time's deep mantling curtain kept conceal'd
From all, save when the Spirit of the Lord,
With more than mortal vision, rent the vail
Of broad futurity—pursued his course.

While walking in the holy statutes of
The Lord, Jacob's posterity sustain'd
An elevated dignity, that far
Surpass'd the splendor of the eastern world;
But when apostacy, with all its train
Of deviations from the sacred laws,
Swept from the Jewish nation that high tone
Of character—that superhuman stamp
Of strict, unyielding rectitude, they went
From crime to crime, from guilt to guilt, onward
Progressing, like accumulating waves,
When the small streamlet to a torrent swells,

Until at length their hands were purple stain'd
In the Messiah's blood! Then, then the curse
Of the Eternal God soon follow'd on!

Behold them driven like scatter'd fragments of
A burning wreck, when borne convulsively
Abroad upon the rude contending blast!
"*Scatter'd and peel'd*," and trodden under foot,
For nearly eighteen hundred years, they've been
A laughing stock—a "*byword, and a hiss*,"
With all the nations of the earth, where'er
The Jew has been led captive, and where long
He's groan'd beneath oppression's heavy chain!

Change, in his passage, bore the sceptred wreath
From Babylon to Persia, thence to Greece.
But ere the birth of the Messiah, Rome
Was crown'd the ruling mistress of the world.

Rome, princely, powerful Rome, has crimson'd deep
The grand, imperial, burnish'd wreath that deck'd
Her lofty brow, with Christian martyrs' blood!
Where'er her haughty crescent wav'd, was pour'd
In copious streams the blood of innocence.

There, *liberty of conscience*, bath'd in gore,
Groaning beneath the murd'rous iron hand
Of selfish, cleric policy, expir'd,

And lay for centuries buried beneath
The trammels of the "great apostacy;"
And persecution, with the violence
Of the tornado, when its deaf'ning crash,
Blacken'd in ruin, prostrates all that's fair,
Swept from the bosom of society
The ancient Christians and the ancient faith.
For men to deviate from rules by man
Prescrib'd, became a crime deserving death.

To crown the horrors of the carnal reign
Of an apostate Priesthood, dark with crime,
Boasting credentials of authority
To freely traffic with the souls of men,
Up rose the Inquisition, girded with
Keen tort'ring racks, chains, dungeons, flames, and death!

When Luther's thunders shook the papal chair,
The "Reformation" boldly undertook
To give a resurrection to the long
Deep-buried form of Liberty.
Forth came
A pale, emaciated, feeble thing,
Closely envelop'd in the winding sheet
Of its sepulchral bed. And how unlike
That noble, dignified, immortal boon
Of Liberty that God bequeath'd to man,
The torch that fir'd Servetus' fun'ral pile,
With a succeeding train of witnesses—

Of footsteps deeply mark'd in blood and flames,
Too plainly testifies.
Toss'd to and fro,
Abus'd, insulted, and by turns caress'd,
She'd neither strength nor confidence to stand
Erect, till on the Western Continent
Both Time and Change had urg'd their coursers past
The "Revolution."

To release themselves
From dread oppression, our forefathers fled
Across the great Atlantic's pathless waves.
Like a rapacious hound in quest of prey,
Closely the hand of tyranny pursued!
At length its rapidly increasing weight
Grew insupportable, and they arose,
And from their shoulders shook oppression's yoke.
That struggle seem'd like grappling life and death,
And many patriotic heroes bled!

The glorious banner which so long has blest
The sons and daughters of America,
Was dearly purchas'd with the price of blood;
Nor yet *too dear*—'twas better far to die
Than live in bondage with the conscience chain'd:
Thus our forefathers thought; and, phœnix like,
To crown their toil, with banner waving high,
In graceful majesty arose the form
Of civil and religious Liberty.

In her right hand she boldly held, unsheath'd,
The glittering *sword of Justice.* In her left,
The law of *Equity* and *Equal Rights.*
Before her mov'd, with firm and steady step,
The youthful Independence. When he spoke,
His speech, in strains of fearless eloquence,
Like midnight thunders bursting, fell upon
Oppression's ear. Upon his crown he wore
The gems of honor and integrity;
And on his breast-plate splendidly inscrib'd,
The patriot's motto—*Liberty or Death.*

Peace follow'd soon, and with her lovely smiles
Awoke the minstrel's sweetly sounding lyre,
To chant far-echoing strains to Liberty!
List to a sound that flutter'd on the breeze
Where first Columbia's cloud-topp'd standard rose.

Ode.

Fairest Spirit of the skies,
Fairest child of Paradise,
Now Columbia's lawful prize—
Glorious Liberty.

'Twas for thee our fathers sought,
For thy sake our heroes fought,
Thee our bleeding patriots bought,
Precious Liberty.

Never, never cease to wave
O'er the ashes of the brave—
Shield, O shield the patriot's grave,
Flag of Liberty.

While thy banner waves abroad,
All may freely worship God,
Fearless of the tyrant's rod,
Sacred Liberty.

Should oppression ever dare
From thy brow the wreath to tear,
Righteous vengeance shall not spare
Thy foes, O Liberty.

Sooner than to bondage yield,
Boldly in the battle-field
Let the sons of freemen wield
The sword for Liberty.

Thus sang that noble, patriotic band
Who struggl'd through the "Revolution," to
Bequeath to generations then unborn
A rich inheritance, a spotless boon.

E'en vice to virtue, sometimes, tribute pays,
And eastern monarchies have courteous bow'd
To the star-spangled, waving ensign of
Columbia's liberty: and fame has spread

To distant climes a brilliant halo round
The rich-ton'd echo of her envied name.

Religion, sweetly smiling, sat beneath
The tolerating spire of Liberty;
And vile hypocrisy, no longer, cloth'd
In forms, impos'd the worship of the Lord.

Such was our country in her halcyon days,
And such we'd fain believe she still remains.
But NO: a cloud o'erspread the stars that grac'd
Her burnish'd standard, when oppression pour'd
Upon a persecuted people in
The West, the influence of his scathing hand.

Time's record is not clos'd upon those scenes,
And facts protrude too boldly prominent
To need a prompter here. Those tragic scenes
Awake the lyre, but not to chant such deeds
Of noble patriotism as twin'd the wreath
Of never-fading laurels round the heads
Of our forefathers.
Yes, the lyre awakes,
And in low notes of plaintive eloquence
Breathes forth a tone of suffering and distress.
Ah! hear Columbia's noblest children sing
Of *rights usurp'd*—of grievance unredress'd!

Ode for the Fourth of July.

Shall we commemorate the day
  Whose genial influence has pass'd o'er?
Shall we our hearts' best tribute pay
  Where heart and feelings are no more?
Shall we commemorate the day,
  With Freedom's ensign waving high,
Whose blood-stain'd banner 's furl'd away—
  Whose Rights, whose Freedom has gone by?

Should we, when gasping 'neath its wave,
  Extol the beauties of the sea—
Or, lash'd upon fair Freedom's grave,
  Proclaim the strength of Liberty?
It is heartrending mockery!
  We'd sooner laugh 'midst writhing pain,
Than chant the songs of Liberty
  Beneath oppression's galling chain!

Columbia's glory is a theme
  That with our life's warm pulses grew:
But ah! 'tis fled, and, like a dream,
  Its ghost is flutt'ring in our view!
Her dying groans, her fun'ral knell,
  We've heard; for ah! we've had to fly!
And now, alas! we know *too* well
  The days of Freedom have gone by!

Protection faints and Justice cowers—
Redress is slumb'ring on the heath;
And 'tis in vain to lavish flowers
Upon our country's fading wreath!
Better implore His aid divine,
Whose arm can make His people free,
Than decorate the hollow shrine
Of our *departed Liberty!*

How long,
Columbia, must thy children weep o'er wrongs
And suff'rings unreveng'd? How long must they
Entreat in vain for justice and redress?

How long, ye sons of Freedom, will you sit,
Secure and unconcernedly, beneath
The shelt'ring tree of Liberty, and see
Its branches one by one thus torn away?
How long disinterestedly behold,
With reckless gaze, your fellow citizens,
Beneath our Constitution's sacred fold,
Robb'd of those Rights most strongly guaranteed
To freemen's heirs by Freedom's holy laws?

Although at present you may feel secure
Beneath the screen of popularity,
Remember, Change, dealer in "ups and downs"
Of human life, is not outstripp'd by Time.

Corruption does not die an easy death.
Oppression, dandled and caress'd awhile,
May grow too powerful for your idle sport.
Therefore, defend our Constitution from
The weak'ning influence of lawless mobs.
Henceforth, preserve inviolate those laws
Which have been basely trampl'd under foot,
Lest, by and by, the growing spirit of
Oppression, unsubdued, should aim at you
Its withering blast, and find you shelterless—
The Constitution broken, and its laws
Made ineffectual through your own neglect.

Then, then you'll rue the day you mutely sat,
And, by your approbative silence, gave
A tacit licence to atrocious deeds,
Which cast an everlasting stigma on
The towering genius of our country's fame;
Nor rose, as your brave fathers' sons *should* rise,
And in behalf of suff'ring innocence
Nobly espous'd the Cause of Liberty.

But busy Change must verify all things
That were predicted of the latter-days,
Ere Time will spread his grand memorial on
The threshold of Eternity, and stand
Himself a witness for the accuser and
The accus'd, before the great tribunal where
The nations of the earth will all be judg'd,
And every man according to his works.

Eternal God, roll on thy glorious work—
Speed the accomplishment of those events
By all thy holy Seers of every age
Foretold, although thy Saints must be "*worn out*,"
Until the great "*Ancient of Days*" shall come—
"*Until the kingdom, and the greatness of*
The kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be
Given to the people of the Saints of the
Most High."
Then Zion shall arise and shine
Clear as the noon-day sun. Her righteousness,
Bright as a lamp that burneth, shall go forth;
Her towers shall reach to heaven; her name shall be
"*A terror and a praise*" in all the earth.

The earth, renew'd, no longer shall produce
The thorn and thistle and the poisonous herb;
But fragrant flowers and vines and luscious fruits
Will grow spontaneous and abundantly.
The wolf, the tiger, lion, and the bear,
With lowing herds and tender bleating flocks
In harmony will graze; and naught shall hurt,
And naught destroy, in all God's holy mount.
Then shall the knowledge of the Lord o'erspread
The earth, as waters cover the great deep.
For Change, with his resuscitating powers
And his restoratives, will renovate
From her accurs'd, degenerated state,
And, clothing her in rich, primeval robes,

Prepare the earth for her grand Coronet—
The great Messiah and his glorious train.

——o——

NATIONAL SONG.

Thrones, Kingdoms, Dominions, and all Institutions
Of human erection, are bound to decay;
But the heavens introduce, in this last dispensation,
Their own order of things, that will not pass away.

Chorus.

Lo! here in the midst of the snow-cover'd mountains,
We call to all nations—all people forsooth;
Come, come to our Standard, the Deseret Standard,
The Standard of Freedom, Salvation, and Truth.

The Saints hold the Priesthood, which from the beginning
Existed with God, and on earth will remain,

Establishing liberty, peace, and salvation—
Preparing the way for Messiah to reign.
Chorus—Lo! here, &c.

All hell has combin'd with this world's bitter hatred,
Usurp'd man's best rights, all our freedom supprest,
From place to place driven us, and murder'd our Prophet,
And homeless we wander'd while poor and distrest.
Chorus—Lo! here, &c.

Brigham Young, with a band of brave Pioneer vet'rans,
Like Abra'm instructed, here found us a home,
In these deep western wilds, amid snow-cover'd mountains,
Where th' wild cactus blooms, and rude savages roam.
Chorus—Lo! here, &c.

All hail to the day they saluted this Valley—
Day sacred to mem'ry, to Liberty dear:
While th' judgments of God are pour'd forth on the nations,
Truth, Equity, Justice, and Peace resort here.
Chorus—Lo! here, &c.

The cactus our emblem, we're strong through oppression;
In exile our Banner is broadest unfurl'd—
When robb'd we grow wealthy—the blood of our martyrs
Will plant the pure Standard and challenge the world.
Chorus—Lo! here, &c.

RAILROAD STANZAS.

Sung at a Meeting of the Citizens of G. S. L. City and the surrounding country, for the purpose of presenting a Memorial to Congress in relation to the Pacific Railway, Jan. 31, 1854.

In Jehovah's arm we trusted;
To the wilderness He led:
Lo! the desert now is blooming,
As the ancient Prophets said:
Where the Saints of God are gather'd,
Where fair Freedom's peans swell,
Where Columbia's glorious banner
Waves o'er mountain-top and dell.

Haste, O haste, construct a Railway
Where the vales of Ephraim bloom;
Cast ye up, cast up a highway
Where "swift messengers" will come:
Soon we'll see the proud Atlantic
With the broad Pacific join'd,
Through the skill of swift conveyance,
Leaving distance all behind.

Infant Utah, strong in effort,
Claims—she boasts, our country's braves;

For her sons have form'd the climax
'Tween the east and western waves ;
And we soon shall hail as neighbors
Those who dwell in lands afar,
As they move across the sage-plains
On the swiftly-gliding car.

We shall be no longer outcasts
From the country whence we came :
Come, O come, and here we'll bless you,
And exalt Jehovah's name.
Each improvement, all that's useful,
Every art in righteousness,
Will conduce to favor Zion—
Zion will all nations bless.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Lo ! an Ensign of Peace on the tops of the mountains—
A Banner, a Banner is widely unfurl'd :
Hark ! the heralds are sounding a loud proclamation—
Hear, hear the glad message go forth to the world.
Ho, ho ! to the States, to the Kingdoms and Empires,
Whose fabrics are tott'ring and ready to fall :
Ho, ho ! to all people of every religion,
Art, trade, or profession, the great and the small.
Here is Freedom, glorious Freedom—
Freedom Gods and men hold dear ;
The white-crested Eagle has fled to the mountains,
The Genius of Liberty follow'd us here.

The people of Joseph, the Prophet of God,
Are here : we are free from oppression's rod.
Hosanna, hosanna ! to God : He has broke
From off our necks the Gentile yoke,
And has given us a government pure and free,
And we breathe the sweet air of Liberty,
And rejoice in the blessings our forefathers won
When they fought, bravely fought with Washington.

Here intelligence' richest fountains
Flow, but not from the snow-topp'd mountains—
They flow from heaven ;

Men of God by revelation
Teach the precepts of salvation
Freely given;
Eternal principles now unfold—
Jehovah speaks as in days of old;
And we'll shout hosanna, till nations afar
Shall awake to the sound, and follow the star,
The star of Peace, which o'er Deseret
Arose in full splendor, and *never will set.*

—o—

TO ELDER JOHN KAY,

On a Mission to Great Britain.

The Spirit of Truth will direct you,
And comfort your heart, while away—
The angels of God will protect you
From all that would harm, brother Kay.
You've left a lov'd home in the mountains,
To work in the vineyard awhile—
To lift up a loud voice of warning
On your dear native "ocean-girt isle."

Though Satan, at times, seeks to gather
  Black tempest-clouds thick round your feet,
And hosts of the spirits of darkness
  Should combine your designs to defeat,
Shrink not; but, with unyielding purpose,
  Stand forth and determine to do
Whatsoever 's requir'd by the Priesthood,
  And the Lord will pour blessings on you.

Be humble and faithful, and fear not,
  And you'll overcome all, brother Kay;
And wisdom of thought will be given you,
  To confound what opposers may say.
The great day of the Lord is approaching,
  When the faithful will reap their reward;
In absence, you've friends who remember
  You, here in the "*House of the Lord.*"

House of the Lord,
Sept. 7th, 1855.

TO JOSEPH SCOFIELD,

On his leaving for England.

Go forth, brother Joseph, go forth and be blest;
May the Spirit of Jesus abide in your breast,
And rich draughts from the fountain of wisdom bestow—
May its influence attend you wherever you go.

Though you go among strangers, the Lord will provide
Friends with hearts full of kindness, who'll stand by
your side:
If you ever keep humble, and seek to do right,
You'll be cloth'd with salvation, with knowledge and
might.

O then go and be blest, and your mission fulfil:
Heretofore you've been faithful, you'll be faithful still;
And the angels of God will your footsteps attend,
And you'll safely return crown'd with joy in the end.

Great Salt Lake City,
Sept. 7th, 1855.

TO ELDERS F. D. RICHARDS, J. A. YOUNG, W. H. KIMBALL, J. FERGUSON, J. A. LITTLE, G. D. GRANT, AND E. ELLSWORTH,

Missionaries to Great Britain.

Brothers Edmund, George, James, William, Joseph, and Franklin,
When the times of your missions are ended abroad,
Come, come to your beautiful home in the mountains—
To the chambers of Israel—the Zion of God.

Chorus.

All the faithful in Zion most heartily bless you,
And to share in home-blessings we wish you to come;
Here are fathers and mothers, fond sisters and brothers,
Dear wives and dear children to welcome you home.

May God speed you with safety across the broad ocean,
Preserve you from tempests and pestilence too,
Give you prosperous passages up the two rivers,
And then over the plains—bless your journey all through.

Chorus—All the faithful, &c.

You've been blest through the power of the holy
Anointing,
Through the faith and the prayers of the servants
of God;
And because you've been humble the Lord has sus-
tain'd you,
You have honor'd your callings and Priesthood
abroad.

Chorus—All the faithful, &c.

Great Salt Lake City,
Sept. 10th, 1855.

LIVERPOOL :

PRINTED BY R. JAMES, SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

CO-DAP-982